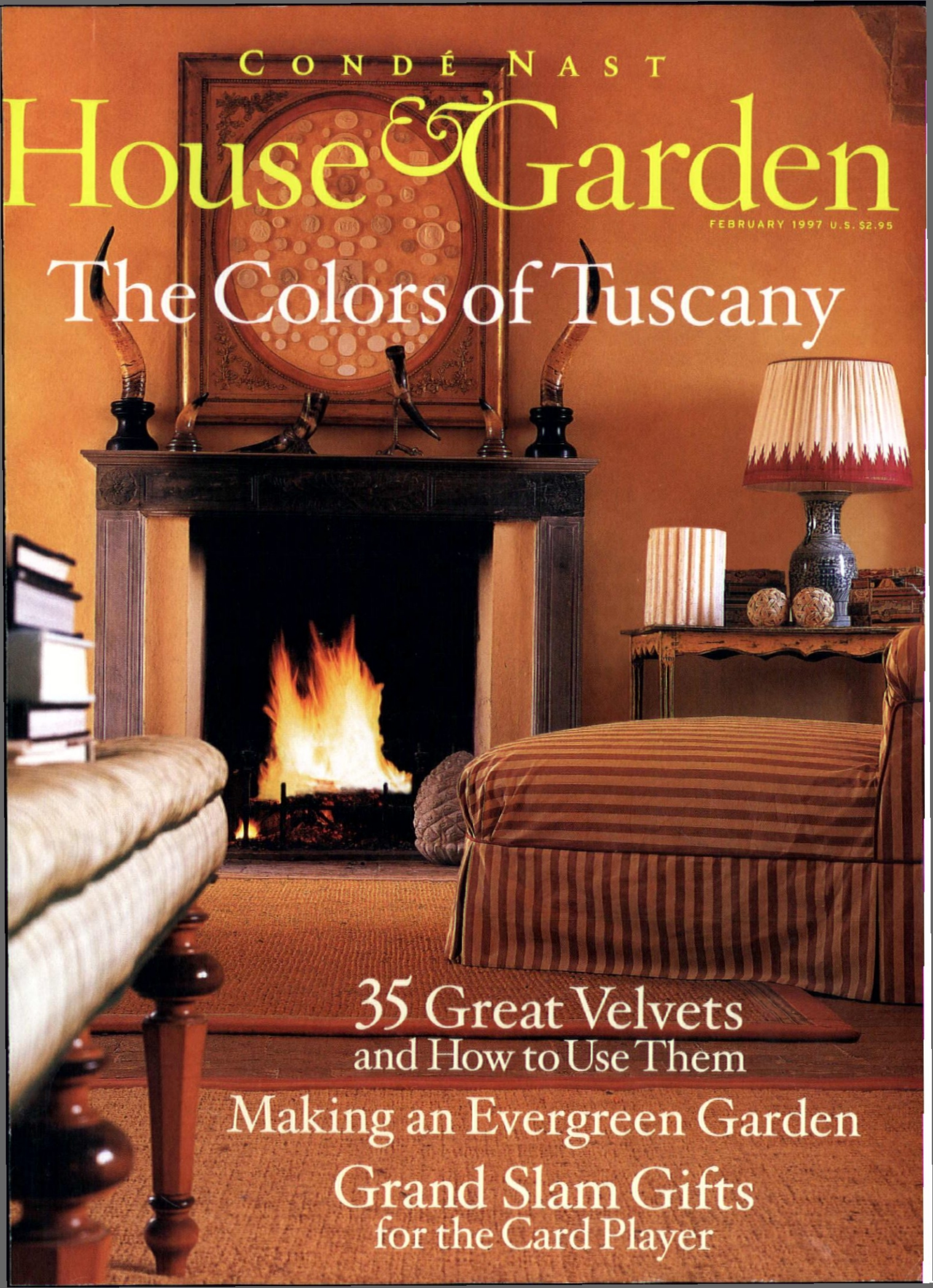
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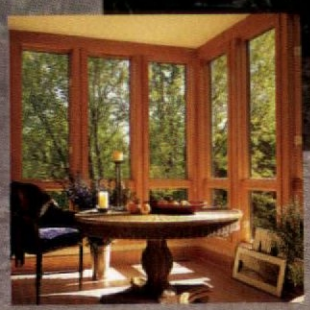
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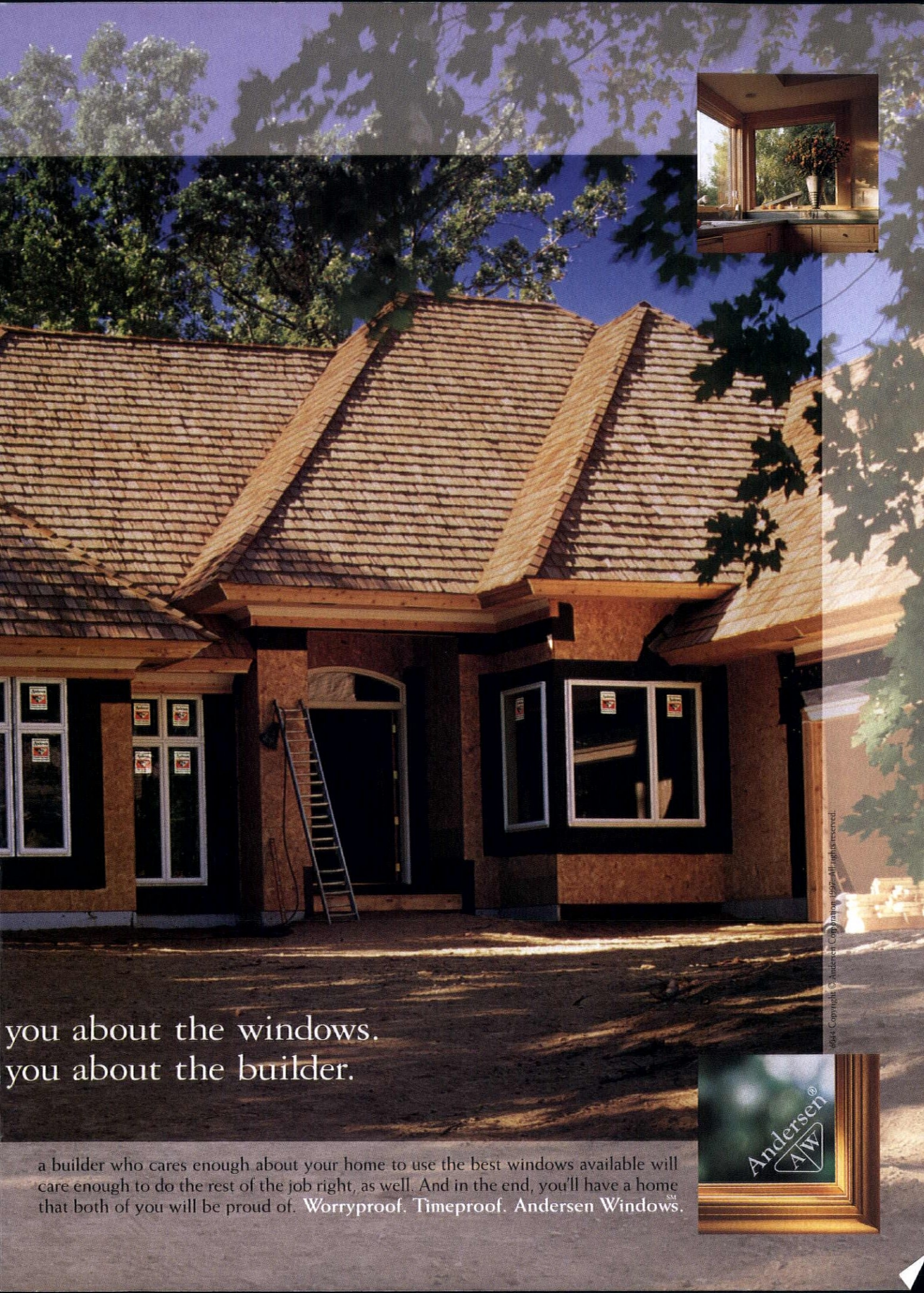




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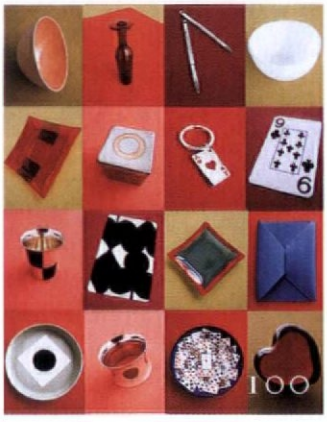
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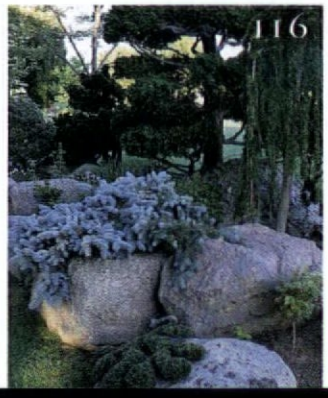
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Stony Silence
Lloyd H. Lawton transformed Rhode Island's rock-strewn landscape into gardens of Yankee rectitude and Asian restraint.
BY MARY CANTWELL

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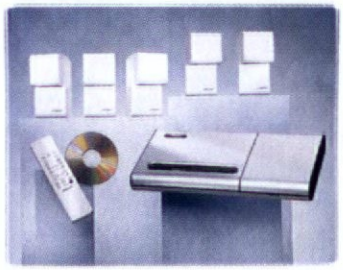
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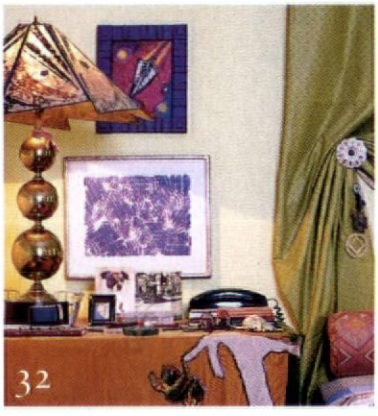
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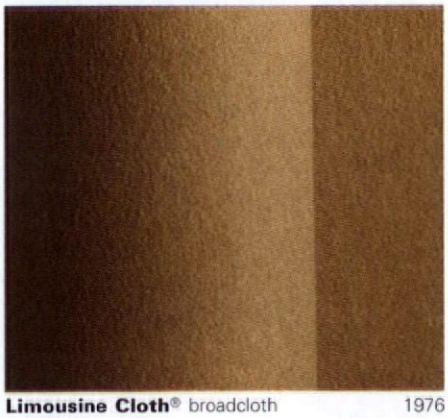
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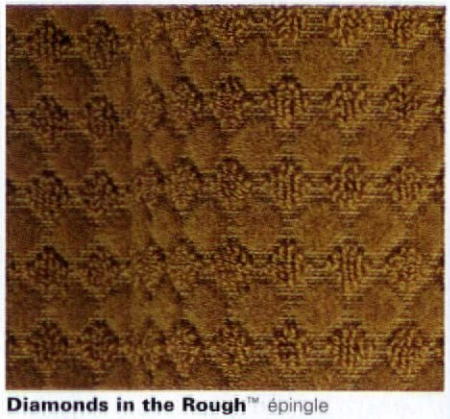
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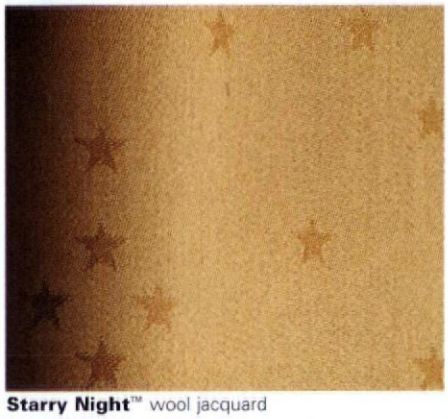
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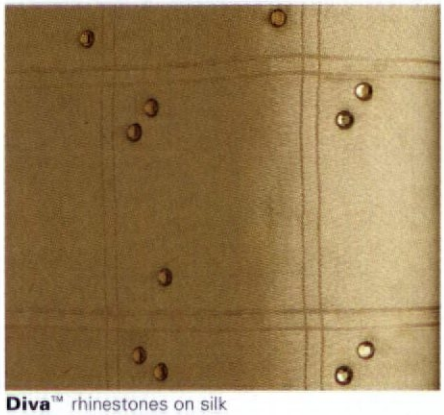
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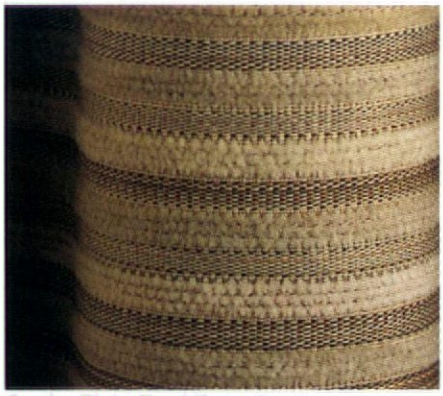


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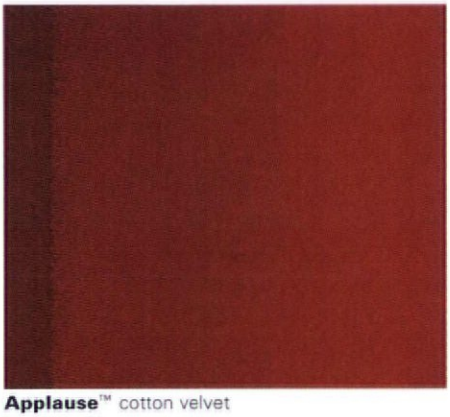
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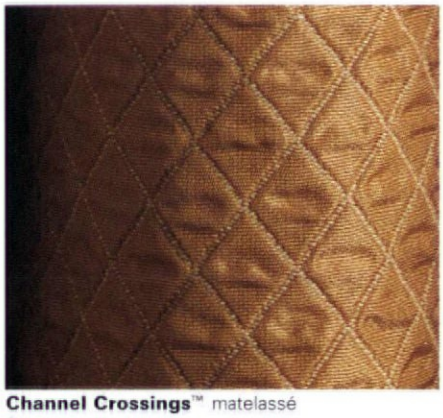
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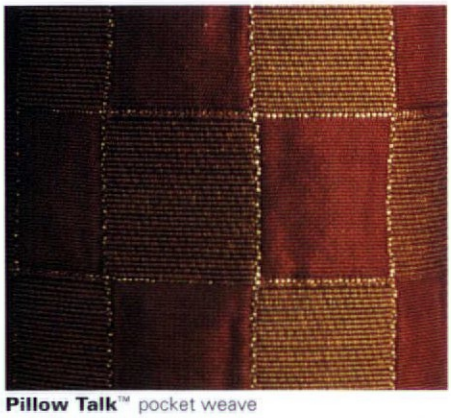
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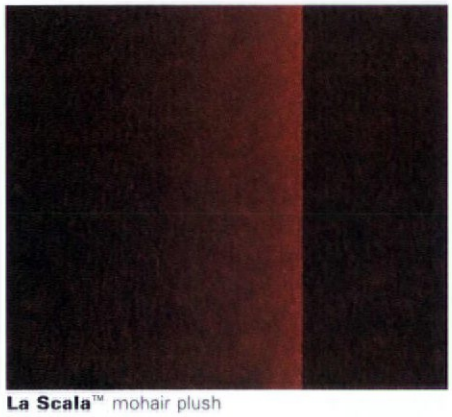
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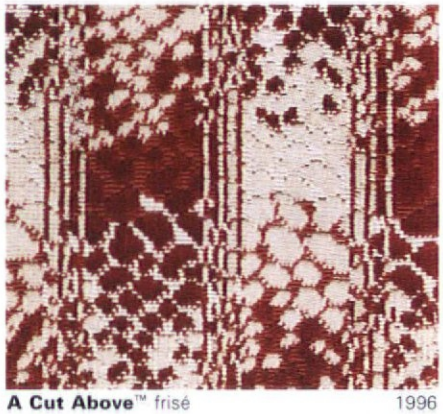
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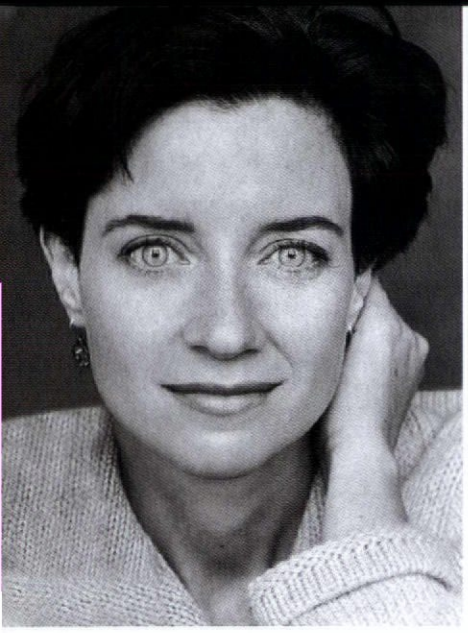
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Welcome

The String of Pearls

This issue is bookended by two kinds of gardening. They couldn't be more different from each other. The first story, opening the "Domestic Bliss" section, is about gardening with houseplants. The last story, "Stony Silence," features the designs of a gardener who worked a small patch of rock-strewn New England coastline during the 1960s. As I thought about these stories, it occurred to me they both have something to say about the life spans of gardens, why some survive and others don't, and why each kind yields a different sort of pleasure.

And, yes, houseplants do a garden make. Poor things. Houseplanting (aka container gardening) has long been scorned, regarded with a root-bound snobbery. It seems unfair. My first intensive hands-on plant tending took place in pots, dozens and dozens of them, filled with every stalwart of the houseplant kingdom: jade, spider, fern, begonia, violet. . . . The bedroom of my teenage years was jammed with tables, shelves, stands; every inch was crammed with plants, bags of soil, reference books, fertilizers, misters, watering cans, black-light systems. The number of plants tipped into the hundreds; I was obsessed.

Houseplants demand a great deal of tending. Nature cannot carry them through a season or two of the laziness that afflicts many of us. Even the humblest perennial bed survives some gentle neglect. Not so the houseplant. A container garden requires much fussing. The owner must be attentive to every nuance of a plant's habits and personality. I doted on mine with the animating fervor I had lavished on dolls a few years earlier. I fretfully, happily poked, prodded, pruned, staked, transplanted, soaked, misted. . . .

The payoff was fantastic. With houseplants there is never a dormant period; it is always green inside, no matter how steely cold outside. You can arrange and rearrange to your heart's content. You aren't troubled by the vagaries of weather, by wind or drought. (Though I do remember a time or two of annoying pestilence, during which there was a small cloud of tiny, swarming things hanging in the air.) The persistent demands of my plants even took the edge off the melancholy torpor of adolescence.

I'll defend houseplants against their critics any day; they are gratifying in themselves and a terrific preparation for all types of gardening (as well as for fussing about with hamsters, babies, and other small things). You learn a lot in that focused one-on-one. But the sad thing about container gardening is its very dependence on human care. Houseplants have no life span beyond the edge of our lavish attention.

The Rhode Island gardens we feature have a muscular design that makes them seem a permanent part of the landscape. They were created in a place pounded by hurricanes, tidal surges, cold winds, salt spray, heavy fog, and those killing freezes that come tragically late in spring, after buds have begun their tender swelling and are once again vulnerable to the cold.

The ocean is large and unquiet, and it meets a land of granite cliffs. The beaches are stony, fields are full of boulders, many of them as big as houses, some cleft in two by imponderable forces. Anyone who gardens in the face of all this is seriously stubborn and faithful and optimistic. Since colonial days, countless English-style flower beds have come and gone here without a trace, succumbing to casual disregard or the trauma of a nor'easter.

Lloyd H. Lawton responded to this place with bolder gestures. His gardens are anchored by rock and dwarf trees, textured with small shrubs and shapely perennials. It seems to me, too, that Lawton's gardens grew out of a New England reverence for dry walls. No good Yankee garden would be without one. A friend of mine presides over a property ringed with magnificent, deep flower beds, but the most endearing feature of his garden is a small semicircular bed carved out of the lawn and close enough to the house to be enjoyed from the comfort of a wing chair near the parlor window. The flowers are massed within the curve of a beautiful, low stone wall. The wall was built for my friend's grandmother, whose husband had offered her her choice of two gifts: a new stone wall or a string of pearls. Being a woman of classic rectitude, she naturally chose the wall. And the bed became known to the family as the String of Pearls. Friends gather at the String for sunset cocktails or morning coffee. The plants within its embrace may change from year to year, but the String of Pearls stands firm.

And so a garden endures.

The people who worked with Lawton were lucky. But so was Lawton to have found them, for through their nurturing his work lives on. In my own bicycle trips down dirt lanes in that neck of New England, I've chanced upon the occasional ghost of a Lawton creation. Even in wild abandon those gardens have great beauty. The bones are, indeed, the last to go. Lawton's gardens remind us that there are some things we can never really possess; we simply take our brief turn at tending them.



Dominique Browning, EDITOR

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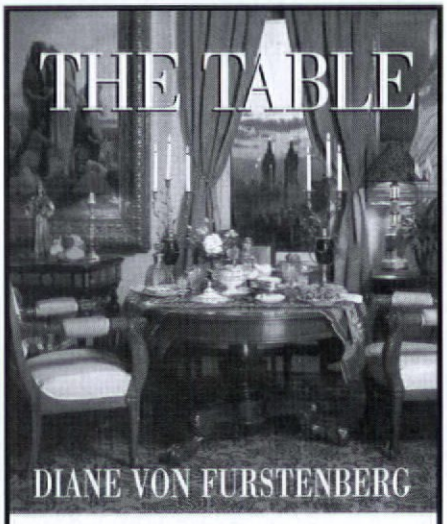
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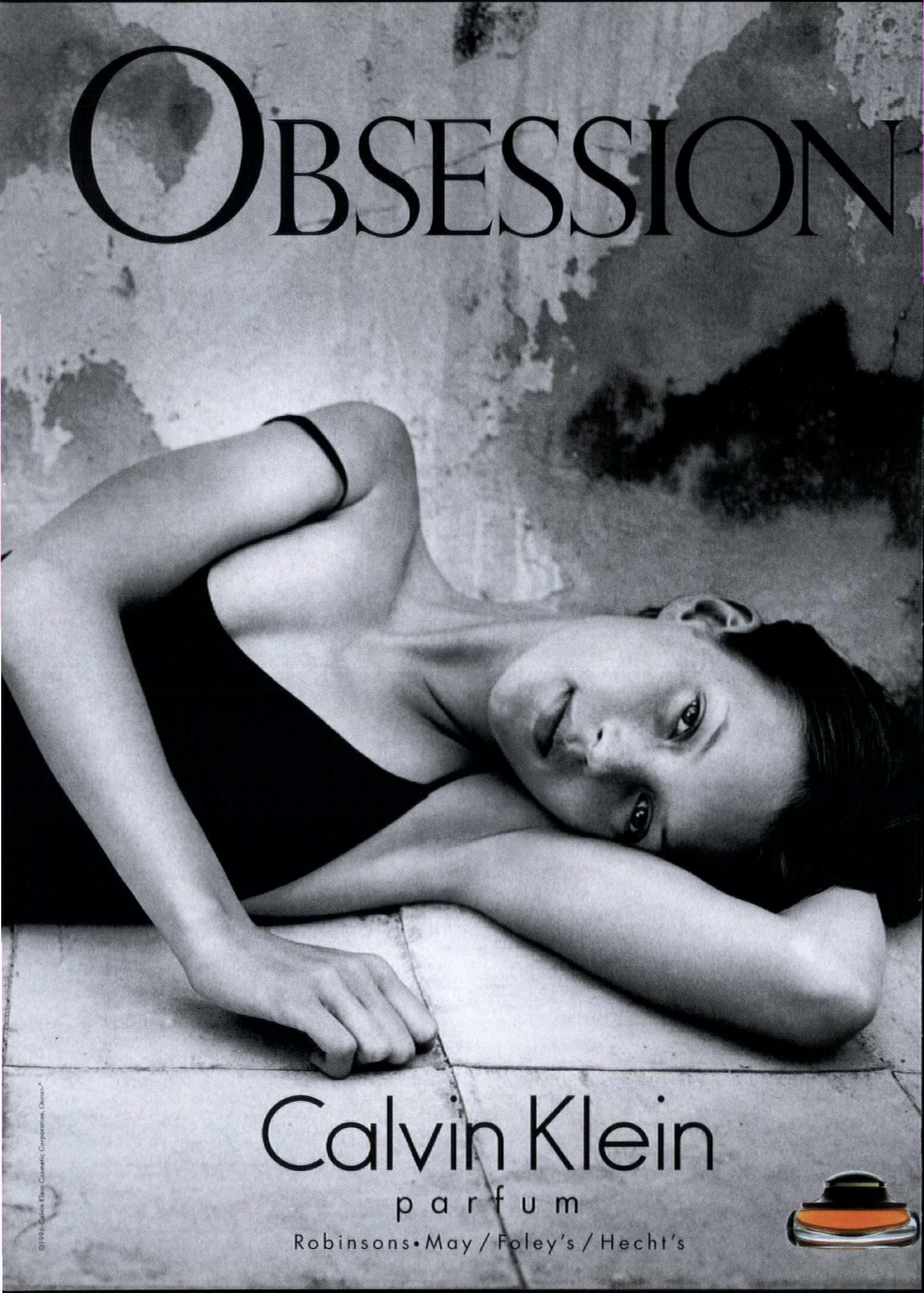
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Domestic Bliss

GREEN PEACE "Somewhere along the way, 'houseplant' became a dirty word," says playwright Mark Bramble, whose home would be deemed obscene by those who believe that cut flowers are the only greenery that belongs indoors. Bramble's Manhattan penthouse in the turn-of-the-century Osborne Apartments has no terrace, but does have more than four hundred



DAVID BARRY

THE SECRET GARDEN Playwright Mark Bramble in his bedroom in midtown Manhattan.

GREEN PEACE



potted plants. They imbue his suave rooms with freshness and life but don't, amazingly, overwhelm them. "As decorative objects, plants can be used as effectively as sculpture or ceramics," he says.

Bramble creates still lifes with his plants the way others do with collections of porcelain or crystal. He moves them around according to bloom cycles and seasons, though large plants, like the *Clivia* and macho ferns in the kitchen, are rooted in their rooms. In his study, a dozen topiaries are artfully arranged on a filing cabinet under a window whose shade is made of Osborne & Little's Secret Garden topiary fabric. A windowed alcove in the bedroom has dozens of plants and a garden bench that invite midday meditation.

That Bramble displays his plants dramatically is no doubt influenced by his life in the theater: he wrote the books for the Broadway musicals *Barnum* and *42nd Street* and has directed productions of *42nd Street* in London and Australia. Since he works mostly at home, he has time to tend to his greenery. "I spend half my day writing and half my day gardening," says Bramble, who continually shops for new florae.

He decided to fill his apartment with plants when he returned to New York in 1994, after living in England for a decade. "I missed the pastoral pleasures of London," Bramble says. "I wanted to have that feeling *in* my home." He hired interior designer Stiles Colwill, a friend from his Maryland childhood, to help make sure the apartment looked like a home and not a greenhouse. A spare bathroom, however, was entirely given over to the cultivation of orchids—150 fill the unrenovated space.

To keep his plants healthy, he maintains the apartment's humidity level at 50 to 60 percent (using fans and humidifiers year-round), and exults in the fringe benefits. "New York apartments are usually as dry as the Sahara," he says. "Humidity is good for the respiratory system, your skin, and sinuses. And plants give us oxygen, which is good for the gardener and the gardener's family."

A NEW LEAF

The Return of the Spider Plant

IN THE 1970s, the spider plant (*Chlorophytum comosum* 'Vittatum') was a staple of college dorms, suburban kitchens, and so-called fern bars. In the 1980s, the plants were banished (along with turntables and avocado-green appliances), as Americans renovated and redecorated. In the 1990s, they're being reconsidered, as word spreads about a 1989 NASA study that found that plants remove pollutants–formaldehyde, benzene, and trichloroethylene–from indoor air. "For some reason," reported the *UC Berkeley Wellness Letter*, "spider plants, one of the hardiest and most ubiquitous of houseplants, actually seemed to do the best job." Other proletarian plants that help purify the air, according to the Plants for Clean Air Council, include philodendrons and chrysanthemums. Would that NASA discover something beneficial about harvest-gold shag carpeting, too.



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"It depends. In California, homes have so many windows that one has easier

access to greenery

than in New York City, where I consider plants a necessity"

LINDA MARDER, decorator
Los Angeles

Do You Decorate With Houseplants?

"Almost never.

They look great

at the plant store, but after you get them home, and after months of neglect, they look awful"

STEPHEN SHUBEL, interior designer
Sausalito, California



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Palm Beach, Florida



DAVIES & STARR

TREE PEOPLE

Totem & Taboo

THE FICUS TREE seems as much an icon of modern design as the Parsons table, track lighting, and the Barcelona chair. Some 800 trees and shrubs can be called ficus, but the pervasive ficus is the weeping fig, *Ficus benjamina*. "I think they've become a cliché," says Frederic Schwartz, an architect who recently published *Alan Buchsbaum: The Mechanics of Taste*, a book on the high-tech pioneer. "For a sculptural element, I'd rather use a cactus." * Designer Renny Saltzman remembers when ficus trees were chic. "They were the trees of the moment in the 1960s and 1970s," he says. "They replaced the snake plant and rubber trees of the 1950s." Saltzman, who has been in business for more than thirty years, still uses ficuses occasionally. "But only with people who I know will take care of them, and in rooms with glass on more than one side. They're temperamental plants and must be treated well. Otherwise, they shed and get mites, and your clients get mad at you."

For product information, see Sources, back of book

Mr. Goldfinger



"Cherub" basin set



Signature soap dish



"Ribbon & Reed" showerhead



Bathtub spout

The "Waterlilies" pedestal sink



"Shell" basin set

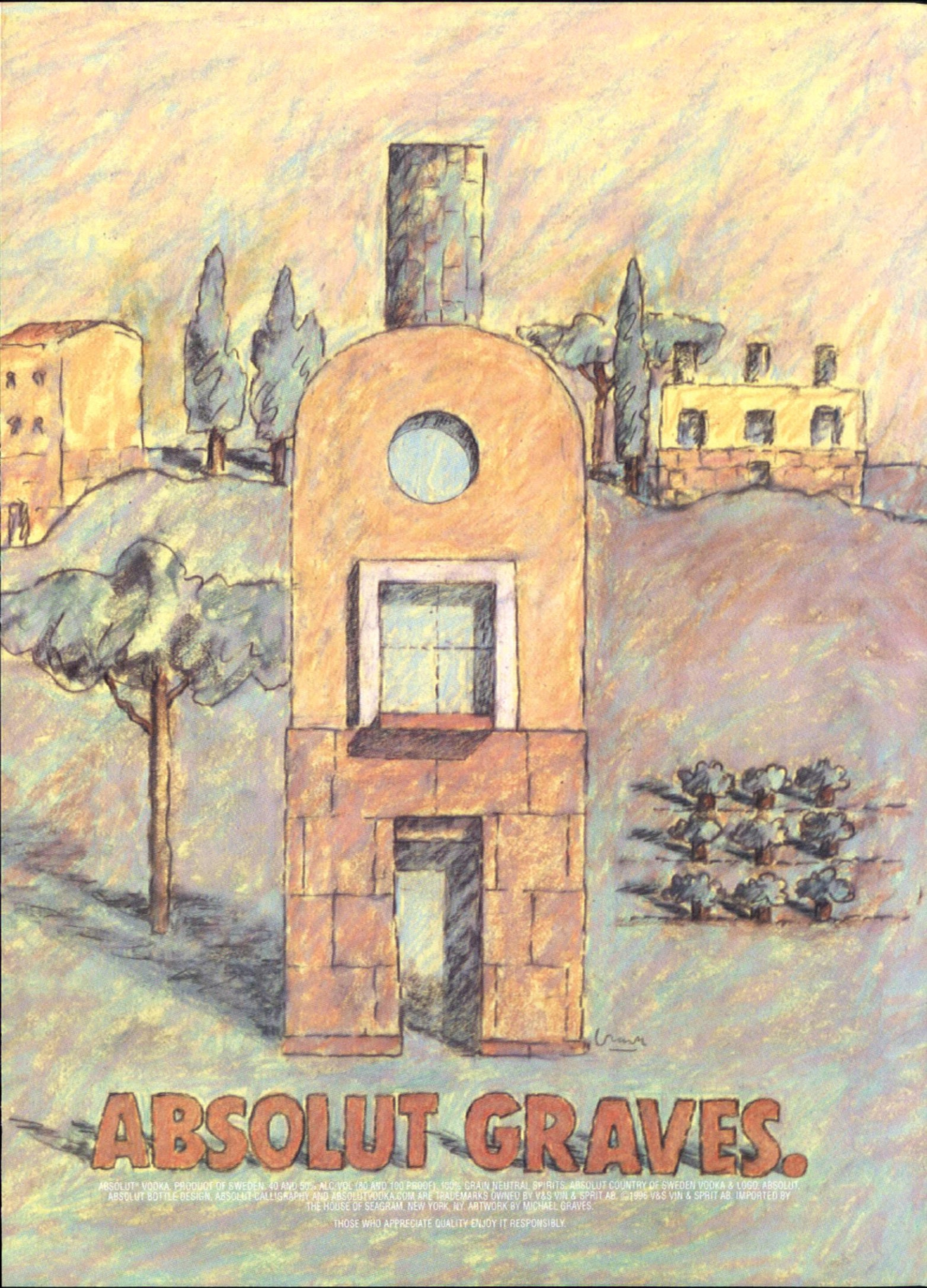


"Crystal & Gold" tub set

Upon entering Sherle Wagner's New York showroom, you are ushered into an elevator for the descent to a subterranean world of onyx, tiger-eye, and lapis lazuli. It's like stepping into an early James Bond movie; you half expect to see 007 and one of his girlfriends ogling the swan-shaped, gold-plated faucet sets ($1,400) and hand-carved marble bidet casings ($8,700). For Sherle Wagner, the company's founder, sells more than rococo bathroom fixtures. He sells fantasy, too.

Wagner didn't set out to become the Harry Winston of plumbing. Fifty-two years ago, he and his wife opened a closet-organizer shop (selling hangers and garment bags) that metamorphosed into a baroque bath boutique when they began selling imported towel bars and switch plates. "Somebody would buy a brass or gold towel ring," he recalls, "and they'd be concerned that it would clash with the rest of their bathroom, so we were pushed into doing fill-ins." Wagner introduced fill-ins like the 24-karat-gold-plated dolphin spout ($1,300 the set) that created the inevitable demand for complementary basins. Today, Wagner makes more than a dozen porcelain bowls decorated in platinum and 24-karat gold ($1,000 to $1,500). "One of our great accomplishments was to change from a marketing company to a manufacturing company," he says. Wagner's Massachusetts plant also produces the hand-painted porcelain basins (as well as matching tiles and soap dishes), decorated with everything from pink Ming blossoms to blue artichokes, that Wagner has been selling for thirty years.

To build a market for his products, Wagner started advertising in the late 1950s, a time when few Americans (or their interior designers) built lavish bathrooms. "We decided the best way to reach architects and decorators was through their clients," he says. "Magazine publishers should establish a fund in my name. Prior to me, virtually no one in the plumbing industry advertised in fashionable magazines." Though he takes his accomplishments seriously, Wagner has always kept a sense of humor about his merchandise. The Fifty-seventh Street showroom windows are invariably lighthearted installations—pumpkins with gold tub spouts for stems, golf clubs with heads made of faucets. His magazine ads have become classics: a 1964 advertisement shows four baby swans next to the swan spout and faucets with the headline "Look what happened to the ugly duckling!" In another advertisment, circa 1961, the company posed the rhetorical question "Who made the bathroom fixture a status symbol?" And thirty-six years later, the answer remains: Sherle Wagner.



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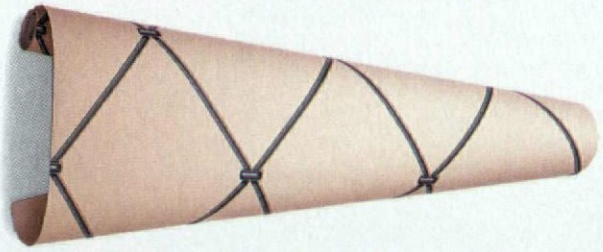
WOODEN TENNIS RACKETS are the decorative *objet du jour*. They're showing up everywhere—from Central Park West foyers to Crate & Barrel floor displays.

"Like a lot of vintage sporting equipment, they evoke a more genteel time," says Lou Sagar, the owner of Zona, in New York, where old rackets sell for $45 each. "People like to hang them in family rooms." The fact that they "lie nicely on the wall" is another reason for their popularity, says Sagar, whose mantra is "There are new collectibles being invented every moment."

Kim Isaacsohn, a New York fashion designer, interior decorator, and tag-sale junkie, has never paid more than $10 each for the rackets she keeps in a walking-stick stand in the front hall of her apartment. "They're very Gatsby," she says. "You can stick them anywhere and they'll look good." She cites Ralph Lauren as her inspiration: "We used to go to flea markets and ask, 'Would Ralph buy this?' If the answer was yes, we'd buy it."

Isaacsohn now collects all sorts of vintage sports equipment—baseball gloves, lacrosse sticks, polo mallets—and says her attraction stems, ironically, from her being a nonathlete. "I can't play a single sport," she says. "I collect trophies, too, because I've never won any."

GENESIS



IN THE FABRIC AND WALLPAPER trade, designs are often said to be "from document," meaning they are copies of antique papers and cloth. While some items in Schumacher's new Royal Retreats collection are based on documents (like Woburn Magnolias, bottom), others have more unusual sources, according to Thomas Burak, who designed the collection after visiting seven historic British



houses. Burghley Grill Paper, top, was based on the staircase railing at Burghley House, a sixteenth-century estate that is home to the dukes of Exeter. Highland Argyle, center, derives from the Argyle socks worn by a Scotsman in a painting in the thirteenth-century Blair Castle. "It's a *very* modern interpretation of those socks," Burak says.



NEW VISIONS

"A NEW DINNER PLATE design is supposed to please millions of people and last for twenty years," laments Oliver von Boch, right, a winsome scion of the Villeroy & Boch china dynasty. Luckily, his new line of bowls, plates, and vases doesn't have to meet those criteria. "It's art glass," he says. "It's an entirely different market from china."

When Boch introduced his fused glass last fall, he was so unsure of its sales appeal that he displayed it in a back office rather than in the Manhattan showroom with the company's traditional wares. "Every store but one that saw it placed an order," he says. And they can't reorder, for Boch plans to produce pieces in editions of 1,500 or fewer, and start anew each season. "It's similar to what Swatch does," he says.



Boch, who previously worked for a management firm in London, had a serendipitous entry into glass design, after a glassmaker from Santa Cruz, California, approached him about selling his creations. Unimpressed with the Californian's designs but intrigued by his craft, Boch suggested a collaboration. He visited the studio and learned how to cut sheets of colorful recycled glass and make patterns with them. He saw how the pieces are initially fired for five hours to fuse the glass and, after cooling, fired again, in molds that transform the fused-glass "pancakes" into bowls, plates, or vases ($35 to $250). "It's like putting together a puzzle," he says.

STEFAN THALMAN



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DIALECTICAL MATERIALISM

Going Over the Ledge

WHAT The exhibition ledge (also known as the display rail or picture shelf).

PHOTOSYNTHESIS A trendy way for photography collectors to exhibit their pictures, the ledge has been popularized by catalogues such as Exposures and Hold Everything. To the dismay of some serious art collectors, the ledges are now being used to display posters and snapshots.

SEEING THE LIGHT Randy Bourne, the founder and president of Exposures, says he got the idea of putting a ledge in his catalogue six years ago, after visiting his neighbor's newly remodeled kitchen in Old Greenwich, Connecticut. "She had some leftover molding and had her carpenter put it up as a ledge on an empty wall, and the rest is history," he says. The ten-year-old catalogue, which is devoted to items for the display and storage of photographs, now features ledges in various styles, finishes, and widths. "People like them because you can constantly change your art without putting lots of holes in the wall," Bourne says. "They're great for leaning, and leaning has become *very* popular."

Hold Everything started selling ledges about a year ago. "They do very well for us," says Jeanne Jones, catalogue director. "The response gets stronger with every mailing."

EN VOGUE "The practice of showing photographs on ledges originated in gallery back rooms," says James Danziger, who owns the eponymous photo gallery in New York. "It was made popular and public by Bruce Weber and Grace Coddington."

In 1993, Danziger mounted a retrospective of photographs styled by Coddington, now *Vogue*'s creative director; most of the 375 pictures (many taken by Weber, for whom a special wall was designed at the show) were displayed on shelves. "The presentation is not only unlike other photography shows but charmingly free-wheeling," opined *The New York Times*. "Photographs sit and overlap each other, producing what might be called a high concept jumble. . . . The ensemble of Weber's pictures becomes a kind of artwork all by itself."

MOVABLE CHIC "We have a big four-inch-wide rail in the back room—it's the most important part of our space," says Bonni Benrubi, who owns the Bonni Benrubi photo gallery in New York. "We're changing what's on it constantly. Ledges allow you to show more pictures than hanging them on the wall, because you don't have to leave space between them; they can even overlap."

"If your collection is about the joy of acquisition and moving things around, they're ideal," Danziger says. "But I don't think you want to display a $200,000 Man Ray like that. They're perfect for fashion photography because they reflect the evanescence of fashion."

OVEREXPOSED? Bourne has sold so many ledges that he has invented a companion product, Home Gallery Ledge Slipcover, which comes in three fabrics: a jacquard stripe, a scalloped tapestry, and a notched check. It remains to be seen whether a market for them will develop.

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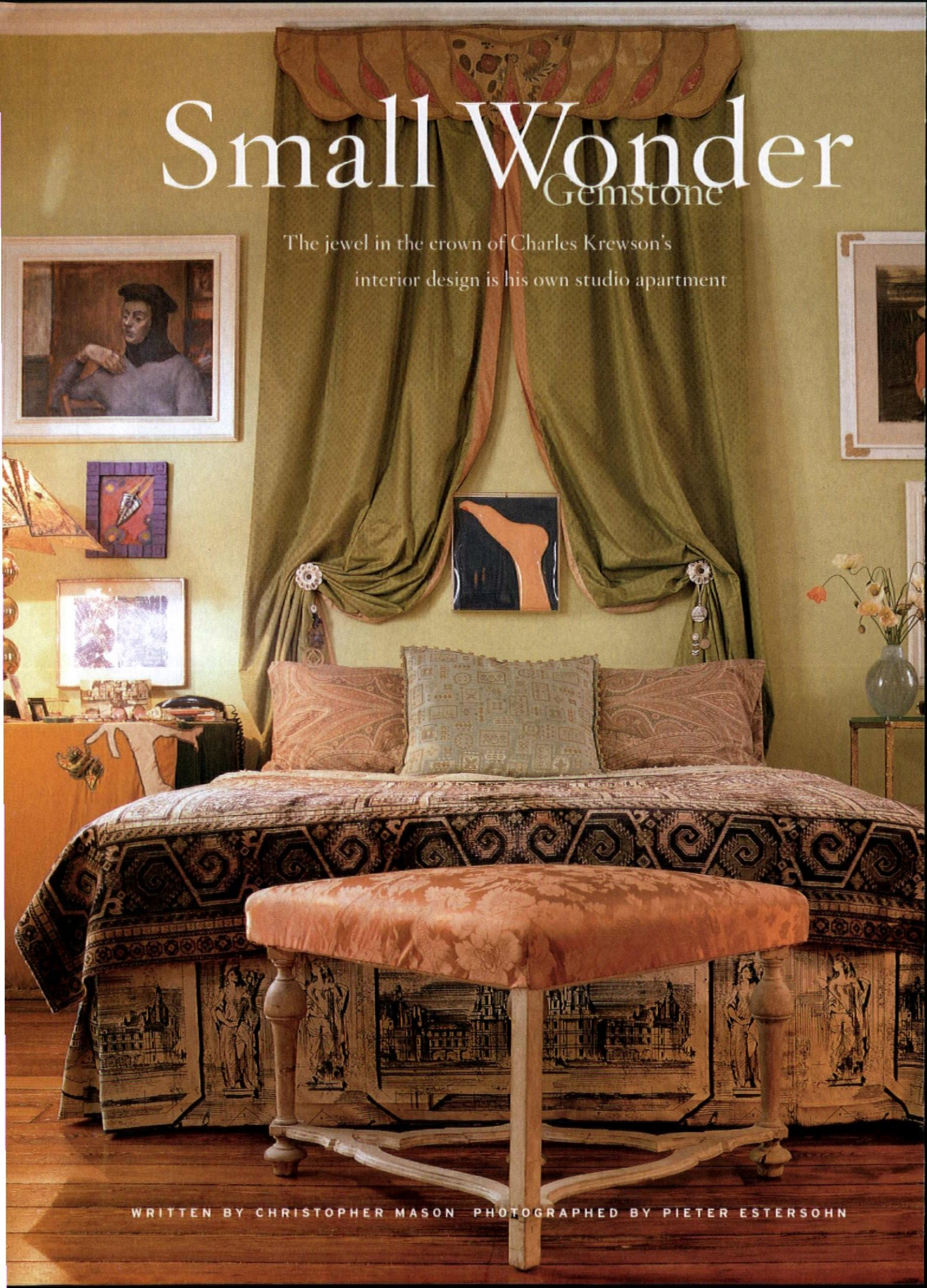
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Small Wonder

Gemstone

The jewel in the crown of Charles Krewson's interior design is his own studio apartment



WRITTEN BY CHRISTOPHER MASON PHOTOGRAPHED BY PIETER ESTERSOHN

IF VISITORS TO DESIGNER Charles Krewson's tiny studio apartment on Manhattan's East Side seem to spend an inordinate length of time in his bathroom, the reason has nothing to do with overzealous hygiene. "People's eyes used to glaze over when I asked them if they'd like to see my collection of antique photographs," he says, referring to the dozens of amusing prints he recently pinned to the bathroom's cheerful egg-yolk-yellow walls. "But when they see them on the wall, they're intrigued."

Currently on view in Krewson's bath-time gallery are such curiosities as an early portrait of the famously miniature Tom Thumb and his wife and a nineteenth-century snapshot of Martha Washington's bedroom at Mount Vernon. Krewson cites as his inspiration the print rooms of famous Irish castles such as Leixlip. "The only difference is that Leixlip has incredible eighteenth-century prints," he says. "Mine are things I've picked up for a dollar at book fairs and flea markets."

After spending much of his youth in Washington, D.C. and Europe, Krewson moved to New York in 1979, and learned his craft from the late Robert Metzger. Serving tea by a roaring fire in the main





room, Krewson has an entertaining story for every object among the delightful clutter that fills his apartment. The spoils of his lust for collecting proved irksome, however, when he decided to move last year from a sprawling house in Bridgehampton, New York, to the 440-square-foot space he now calls home. "Being a designer has a lot to do with editing," he says, "but it was painful to have to relegate so many things to storage."

What attracted him to the apartment? "I loved the fact that it has three big windows and skylights," Krewson says. "Even though it faces north, it's usually flooded with light during the day." His choice of the unusual shade of lime green for the walls of the main room has proved felicitous. "It has a wonderful glow to it, even when the lights are off," he says. "I've wanted a room

SPACE PROGRAM In the sleeping area, opposite page and above, antique textiles from Virginia Di Sciascio cover a stool and the bed, and cap Clarence House curtains. A desk designed by Krewson doubles as a nightstand. The pillow, made of fabric from a London textile gallery, is trimmed with Clarence House fringe. A Venini glass bowl and vase, left, sit on a Biedermeier table.

SINCE HE RUNS HIS DESIGN BUSINESS FROM HIS TINY STUDIO APARTMENT, IT HELPS THAT KREWSON IS NEAT BY NATURE

this color ever since I saw it ten years ago at Claridge's in London."

Most important to his sense of well-being in the apartment, Krewson says, was creating a calming sense of scale and proportion. To make the room's ten-foot-high ceilings appear even higher, he decided to hang most of his art collection above eye level. The result is a haven that feels like a spacious room within a large house.

Since he runs his interior design business from the apartment, it helps that Krewson is neat by nature. All signs of workaday clutter are relegated to the closet, and the fax machine is concealed beneath a bedside-table skirt commissioned from designer Todd Gribben.

"Charles is inventive, enthusiastic, and improvisational," says Lester Persky, the Hollywood producer whose hits include *Equus* and *Hair*, and who hired Krewson to work on his Hampshire House duplex on Central Park South. "He's the only designer I've ever parted with on friendly terms," says the exacting Persky. "For me that's high praise. In my experience, the work habits of the design community usually mean unregulated mayhem. But I knew I could trust Charles."

What does Krewson see as the main difference between doing a place for himself and working with a client? "It's the luxury of having the final word," he says, smiling.

Christopher Mason *is a frequent contributor to* The New York Times, New York *magazine and* Harper's Bazaar.



FINAL EDIT The sitting area with Directoire chairs and a side table from Malmaison Antiques face a 1920s coffee table and a sofa in La Liberte Americaine from Decorators Walk. The antique rug is from Virginia Di Sciascio. The mirror is from George Glazer. Sources, see back of book.


THE SEAFREDAT
BERLIN STORIES

Sketches

Uptown Girl

Sherri Donghia has filled her new East Side showroom with downtown spirit BY MARY TALBOT



PHOTOGRAPHS BY LUCAS MICHAEL

HOUSE STYLE A framed Donghia ad, John Hutton's glass lamps and teak boxes share shelf space with marble bowls.

OF ALL THE DETAILS in Donghia Furniture and Textiles's serene new showroom in Manhattan's D&D Building, four tailor's forms, handsomely draped in sumptuous linen and wool, speak most eloquently about the minds at work here.

"Furniture is something you wear," says Sherri Donghia, vice president of design and marketing, and fabric designer for Donghia, a company she joined in 1987, two years after its founder, her cousin Angelo Donghia, died. "It's Angelo's principle we work by: he believed a chair should be as beautifully tailored as a Savile Row suit, and before you pick the fabric, you should feel it, touch it, experience it."

The principle may have been Angelo's, but Sherri, a handsome dynamo of a woman, embodies it. Bringing sixteen years' experience in fashion design and marketing to her strong sense of interior design has meant that everything about the showroom invites people to "try on" the furniture and textiles and to project their decorating fantasies into the space. Together with John Hutton, the company's design director and chief furniture designer, she aims to make the blank canvas of the showroom "a place where people can come in and dream."

To create that place, the airy, 6,000-square-foot room got a white-coated concrete floor glossy as French polish. Sheer fabric banners suspended from the ceiling divide the space into "rooms" for separate themes and collections. One wall is covered in pewter leaf—a Donghia signature—and Donghia tables and desks are skirted with Mummy's Cloth, a natural linen so supple it feels like a giant cashmere sweater.

Another imperative, Sherri says, was to create "lots of work spaces, where designers and clients can sit down and hash out a room." To that end, all the fabrics are hung not just on conventional stretchers but also on giant, ceiling-high rods, so their drape and weight can be seen and handled. The windows are fitted with rows of recessed tracks to show layers of fabrics and wall coverings against the natural light.

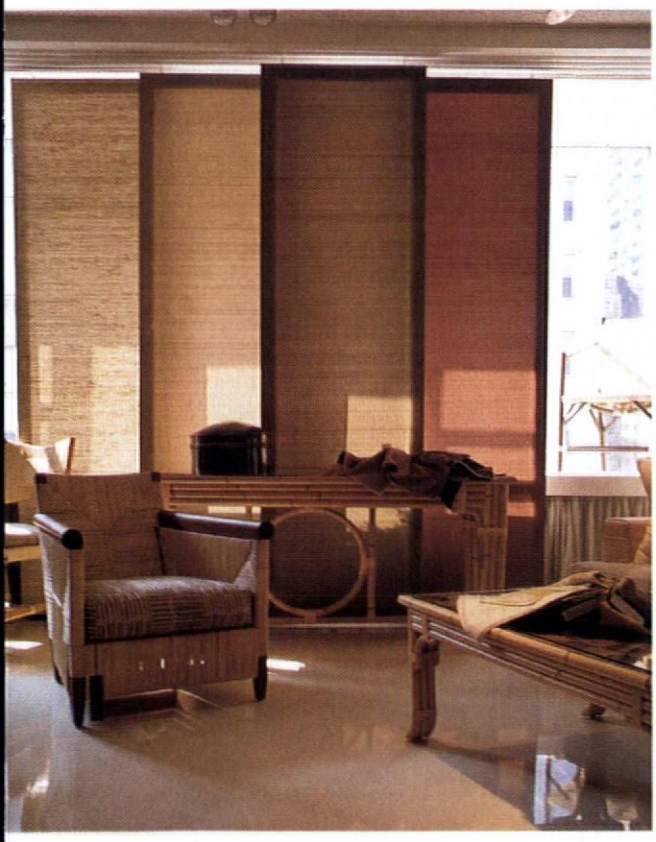
Sherri Donghia's fashion sensibility doesn't end with the tactile relationship to cloth that she encourages. She's an inveterate mixer of styles. Like the best clothing separates, her pieces are chameleons, equally at home with Shaker furniture as '50s Knoll or country French. Her textile collections, mixed with Donghia furniture and vintage pieces, festoon her office at the company's studio in a vast SoHo building.

John Hutton's fascination with Venetian glass beads and chandeliers turned found in Afghanistan).

The mania for accessories and design—and likely her unpretentious manner—dates to Donghia's girlhood in the western Pennsylvania town of Vandergrift, where she and Angelo grew up, the children of Italian immigrants. "The town was designed by Frederick Law Olmsted to be the perfect working-class community, and it was," says Sherri. But she wanted to work in fashion, so she left Vandergrift for New York.

Almost immediately, she landed a job at Bloomingdale's, and was soon circling the globe, buying and designing accessories and knitwear. She went on to design for Federated Department







ROOM TO DREAM
Sherri Donghia, right, settles on colors for a new print. Her desk, above, is made out of an antique Indian bed. The studio chair in silk, the Grande Soleil chair in the silk Quadri, and the rope mirror are from Donghia; left, a Merbau club chair, Sanur tables of bamboo, and wall coverings from Donghia's Gracie Collection. Sources, see back of book.

Stores and in 1979 founded her own firm.

Since joining the company Angelo built, Donghia and Hutton have maintained its reputation for precise, elegant furniture. The interaction between her taste for the "gutsy" and the "primitive" and his roots in eighteenth-century European design creates the tension necessary for innovation. Both designers worship craftsmanship. Much of the furniture is made to order, and all the textiles hanging in the showroom are produced at prestigious old mills in Asia, Europe, and the United States. Some of the densely woven jacquards, inspired by a onetime collaboration with fashion designer Romeo Gigli, come from the Lyonnais mill where Joseph-Marie Jacquard introduced his technique; voile the color of sunlight hails from Switzerland; a spongy, thick, natural tweed is woven in Scotland. "Our fabrics have to wear like iron," Sherri says, giving a wool-and-moiré-covered sofa a vigorous rub. "We want these to be the antiques of the future."

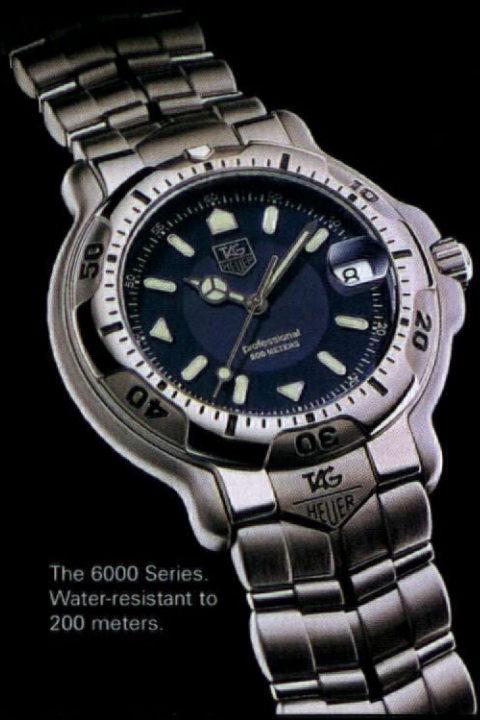
up in his new line of smoky table lamps that sit on the showroom's shelves like luscious candies. "These are the jewelry of the collection," Donghia says, almost giddily (she wears her passion for jewelry on her sleeve, which is laden with silver and carnelian bracelets she

"Sketches" *is a regular column.* **Mary Talbot** *is managing editor of* Tricycle.

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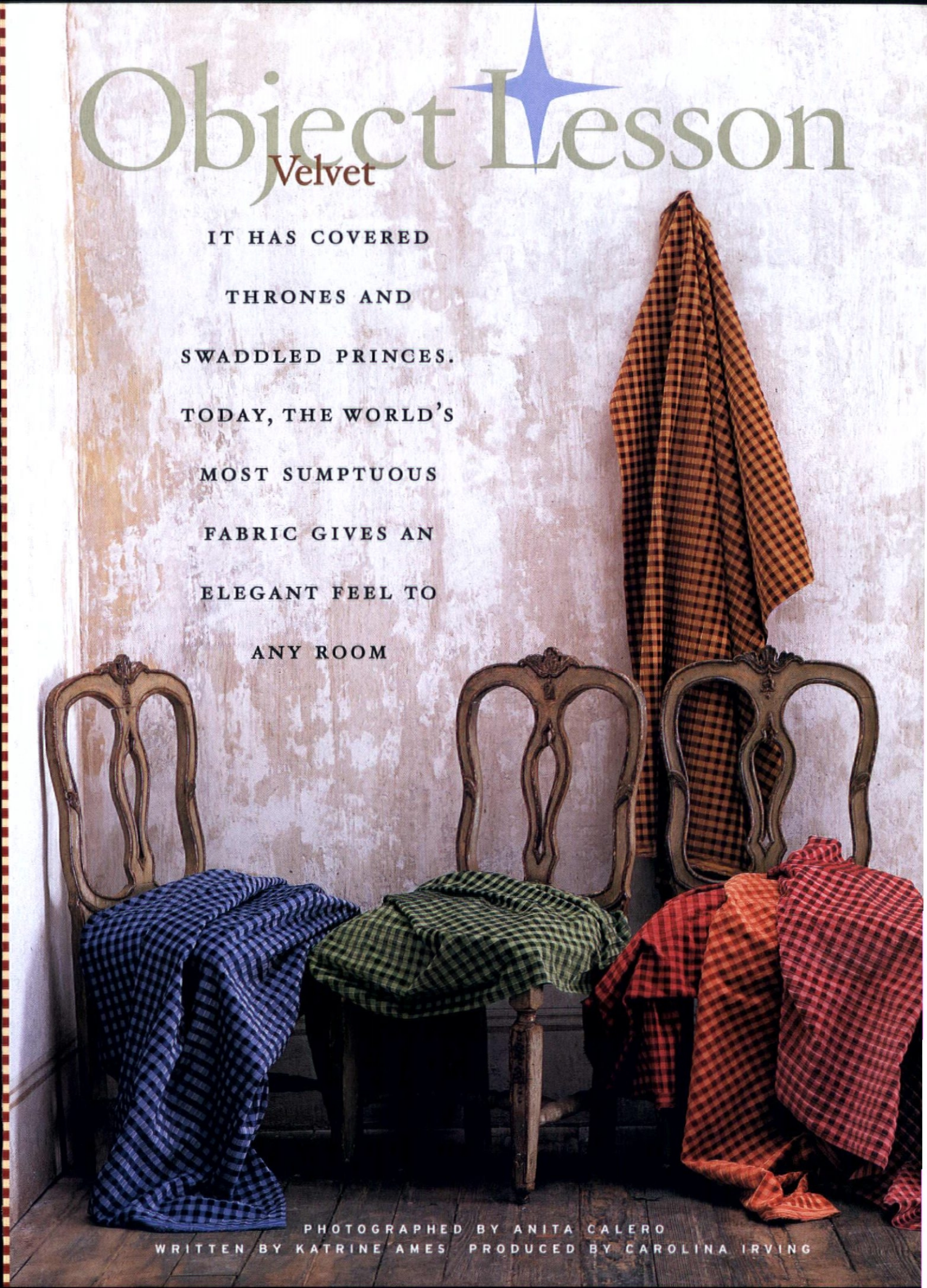
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Object Lesson

Velvet

IT HAS COVERED THRONES AND SWADDLED PRINCES. TODAY, THE WORLD'S MOST SUMPTUOUS FABRIC GIVES AN ELEGANT FEEL TO ANY ROOM



PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANITA CALERO
WRITTEN BY KATRINE AMES PRODUCED BY CAROLINA IRVING



Object Lesson

VELVET IS ALMOST LIQUID to the touch, as well as to the eye. Silk whispers, satin rustles, but velvet is provocative in its silence. It can have the aloof beauty of a royal room. It entices you with richness—its depth of color, the infinite intricacies of its patterns. And it seduces you with its feel, that extravagant lusciousness that envelops you like a knowing caress. Use it at your own risk.

Velvet is a beautiful but mysterious foundling, of uncertain lineage. It may have been born on the hand shuttles of ancient China—a reasonable hypothesis, given the country's silk trade. According to Joyce Denney, research assistant in the Department of Asian Art at New York's Metropolitan Museum of Art, an early velvet, with uncut pile loops, existed in the Han Dynasty (206 B.C.- 220 A.D.).

Velvet might have its roots in India, in Turkey, or in Persia. (The etymology of "velvet" isn't precise either, but the English word is similar to two Latin ones: *vellus*, fleece, and *villus*, shaggy hair.) What is clear is that the fabric's popularity soared during the Renaissance. Italy became the center of the velvet universe: Genoa, Venice, Modena, and other cities produced the sumptuous cloth (for those who could afford it), and many gave their names to particular varieties.

Budgetary restraint was not the only thing that kept velvet in the hands of the rich. In some countries, sumptuary laws—legislation that covered, among other things, who could wear what—restricted its use. In sixteenth-century France, not being born to the purple also meant not having the freedom to put it on: Henry III decreed that certain colors of velvet were the exclusive province of nobility. Catherine de Medici had beds that were upholstered in black velvet.

Eventually, sumptuary laws went the way of French royalty. Napoleon, addressing the French Senate in 1814, sniffed: "What is the throne? A bit of wood gilded and covered with velvet." Bonaparte's slight notwithstanding, velvet is still the preferred fabric for royal seats, including those at Buckingham Palace and the White House. Mass production has put velvet within the commoner's reach, even if that reach extends only to a pillow. Elegance, after all, is more than yard upon yard of delectable velvet: it's also restraint.

TOUCH ME, FEEL ME Cotton/viscose Rivoli from Pierre Frey, previous pages. This page, left to right, from top: Cotton/viscose Othello from Christopher Hyland; cotton/bemberg/viscose Fabriano Figured Velvet from Brunschwig & Fils; Velour Florence, and Faust, both, cotton/viscose from Christopher Hyland; cotton/viscose Eroica in two colorways from Bergamo; cotton/linen/viscose La Scala in two colorways from Zoffany, through Whittaker & Woods; cotton Belvedere from Lee Jofa; Othello and cotton/viscose Fidelio, from Christopher Hyland; cotton Jaspe Velvet Stripe from Lee Jofa. Opposite page, in background, from left: Acrylic/cotton Sarlat and Malesherbes by Lelièvre, chlorofiber Monaco by Edmond Petit, and acrylic/cotton Varenne by Lelièvre, through Old World Weavers. On wooden rack in rear: Monochromatic-striped cotton/rayon Frederic II from Manuel Canovas; in foreground, blue cotton-velvet Panthere from Bergamo, polycotton/viscose/cotton Jamais Como Velvet from Osborne & Little, orange and red cotton Louvois by Lelièvre, through Old World Weavers, hanging above Belvedere by Lee Jofa and cotton Quatuor by Lelièvre, through Old World Weavers.



"VELVET HITS YOUR SOUL. THERE'S SOMETHING MYSTICAL AND DIVINE ABOUT IT. YOU'D EXPECT TO SEE IT IN SPIRITUAL SURROUNDINGS"

José Solís Betancourt

INTERIOR DESIGNER, WASHINGTON, D.C.



INVESTING IN THE PAST Opposite page, from left: Cotton Bacchus from Scalamandré; cotton/bemberg Montague Cut Velvet Stripe from Brunschwig & Fils; cotton/bemberg Velluto Sforza and cotton/bemberg Rateau from Clarence House. This page, top row, from left: Cotton/viscose Isfahan, silk Kennedy White House, silk Ca D'Oro, and silk Venetian Lion, all from Christopher Hyland. Middle row: Silk/rayon Doge Stripe, Brenta, and silk Canaletto from Christopher Hyland; silk solid Polidoro from Manuel Canovas; cotton/bemberg Montague Cut Velvet Stripe from Brunschwig & Fils; cotton/viscose San Marco from Old World Weavers; cotton/silk/viscose/metallic Arabesque Striped Velvet from Brunschwig & Fils; Eroica from Bergamo; Mor Pakh peacock feathers and cotton/viscose Angelo Calo, both from Christopher Hyland. Front row: Viscose San Marco, Grand Canal, and Isola Torchello, all from Christopher Hyland. All in a 17th-century Tuscan monastery vesting case from Amy Perlin Antiques.



Object Lesson

SPEAKING TERMS

IN THE STANDARD velvet manufacturing method, two cloths are woven face-to-face, their pile (or raised loop) ends interlacing. A loom blade cuts the pile ends and produces two separate pieces of material. (In handmade velvet, a weaver inserts a rod with a serrated-edge tip. As the rod is withdrawn, it cuts the pile.) How velvet is made "doesn't determine the quality," says Gillian Moss, curatorial chair at the Cooper-Hewitt National Design Museum in New York. The tightness of the weave, she adds, is what counts. Many fibers are used as the basis of velvet, including cotton, rayon, acrylic, linen, and mohair.

Cut velvet is a broad term for a material with a pattern that is created by leaving some loops uncut, or by chemically burning in a design. Below right are some more buzzwords you are likely to encounter as you travel the velvet underground.



ON THE LINE Right, from left: Viscose/cotton Couvert de Feuilles from Clarence House; linen/cotton/viscose La Scala from Zoffany, through Whittaker & Woods; cotton/polyester Altena Velvet from Brunschwig & Fils; cotton/viscose Eroica from Bergamo. Below, from left: Bemberg/cotton Velluto Conchiglia and cotton/cupro Phillippe Auguste, both from Clarence House. Torchères from Amy Perlin Antiques.



BURN-OUT velvet is printed with a chemical that removes the pile without harming the ground, creating the look of brocade. FAÇONNÉ is a popular burn-out velvet, sometimes with a jacquard effect.

CHENILLE velvet is particularly soft and has chenille yarn in the filling.

CISELÉ is a raised-pattern velvet with a satin ground.

CORDUROY velvet is so named because it is woven with wales.

NACRÉ velvet has pile of one color and ground of another.

PANNE, pressed in one direction, is a lustrous velvet with a long nap.

STAMPED velvet has designs made by hot, engraved rollers.

UTRECHT velvet, originally produced in the Dutch city in the seventeenth century, has a cotton or mohair pile that is sometimes pressed in various directions to create "mirrors."

VELVETEEN is a favorite material for children's dresses and a well-known rabbit. It's not velvet at all, but a weft-pile fabric that looks like velvet and can be a good, less costly substitute.

VOIDED velvet has some areas of pile-free ground.

HANDS ON, FEET OFF

LE TOUT PARIS is decorating with velvets. "They're blowing out the door," says Patrick Frey, president of Pierre Frey. After ignoring the fabric for years, in 1996 the firm introduced two velvets that were instant hits. "You could compare it to the fever for toiles de Jouy," Frey says. If the French are velvet fiends, trendacious Americans are sure to follow, and why not?

BIG ROOMS OR SMALL In 1852, a Philadelphia decorator named J. Arrowsmith praised silk-velvet curtains as "splendid beyond any other material" and nearly swooned over "their lustre by candlelight." Interior designer Mario Buatta calls velvet "a forgotten fabric," though he and many of his contemporaries seem as smitten with it as J. Arrowsmith was. "There's nothing so luxurious as sitting on silk velvet," says Buatta, who also likes upholstery in linen velvet, with its "almost built-in worn look." For ottomans and small chairs, he favors chenille velvets. If the space you're decorating isn't big, "you can use velvet on pillows or curtains, just as long as you don't overdo it." Maxine Smith and Celia Cleary of Smith-Cleary, Inc., in Los Angeles, play up velvet in a small space, because they love its "womblike" effect.

STRICTLY TRADITIONAL? Velvet is also a good time traveler. "It enhances a beautiful, traditional piece of furniture," says Manhattan decorator Melvin Dwork, "but it can work on modern furniture just as well. It depends on the lines."





THE SLIPCOVER CONTROVERSY Dwork uses velvet only as permanent upholstery, primarily because the fabric is so expensive. José Solís Betancourt, an interior designer in Washington, D.C., won't make a slipcover of velvet because "it's too thick." Smith and Cleary favor velvet slipcovers in winter "for warmth." In summer, Buatta puts slipcovers *over* velvet upholstery because the fabric is "too much, too hot to sit on."

THE WEAR FACTOR The versatile material isn't as hands- (or feet-) off as you might think. "The trick is keeping anything covered in grease, like freshly polished shoes, off it," says Heidi Kravis, of Cullman & Kravis Inc., in New York. Tell that to Old World Weavers, which makes a mohair velvet that stood up to more than 100,000 rubs from a machine designed to abrade a fabric until it falls to shreds. Oh, good: one less worry if the Cub Scouts decide to make a den of your living room.

Katrine Ames *is a features editor of this magazine.*

LAP OF LUXURY Top: Cotton/bemberg Champery Cut Velvet Stripe from Brunschwig & Fils. Left: Rayon Richelieu from J. Robert Scott in a 19th-century lantern (originally in the Cathedral of St. John the Divine), at Amy Perlin Antiques. Sources, see back of book.

Turn of the Screw

Bucket Brigade

Getting organized? Throw away that toolbox and pick up a pail. Yes, a pail

BY JERRY ADLER



IT'S TIME TO CLEAN UP YOUR ACT With more than sixty pockets, Portable Products's nylon Bucket Boss Pro carries its weight, and then some. $29.99.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID SAWYER

MY PROJECT FOR THE NEW YEAR is to move my tools to the cellar, where, if you are to believe my wife, they were supposed to go when we moved into our house, in 1979. But back then there were only two of us and ten rooms, so I was able to establish a temporary work space in an unused room on the top floor. I liked working there; there was an old sink for washing out paintbrushes, and good light and a view of the Manhattan skyline over the roofs of Brooklyn. Now my wife has convinced me that our children could make better use of these amenities, so I'm relocating my equipment to the comparatively drab vicinity of the oil burner. On the bright side, my wife told me, this was an excellent opportunity to organize my tools.

"My tools are organized right now," I said. "They're organized in buckets."

"Okay," she said unfeelingly, "let's see you find a pair of pliers."

This absurd demand just reflected the typical layperson's ignorance of the proper way to organize tools, an ignorance based on a spurious generalization from other spheres of domestic life, such as kitchen equipment. All kitchen knives are by definition used for cooking, and so are logically kept together in a rack near the sink. Tools, by contrast, lend themselves to being organized thematically—not into artificial categories like pliers but teleologically, in accordance with their application—and then dumped into the corresponding bucket.

"Tool," itself, is a category Kant would have disdained. He would recognize instead categories such as tools-used-for-plumbing (*gewerkenflushen*), including pipe wrenches, crescent wrenches, slip-joint pliers, and Phillips-head screwdrivers; tools-used-for-electrical-work (*gewerkenlighten*), such as lineman's pliers, needle-nosed pliers, wire strippers, and cable splitters; and tools-used-for-carpentry (*gehittenhammeren*), including power drills, circular saws, clamps, planes, and hammers. Once organized in this fashion, you need only grab the right bucket for a given job and set to work. Only now and then will you discover in the middle of a job that the screwdriver you need to install a wall switch got left behind, either in the plumbing bucket, when you changed a washer in the laundry-room sink, or in the carpentry module, when you tightened the hinges on the bathroom cabinet. In either case, you have a perfect excuse to buy more of them. This probably

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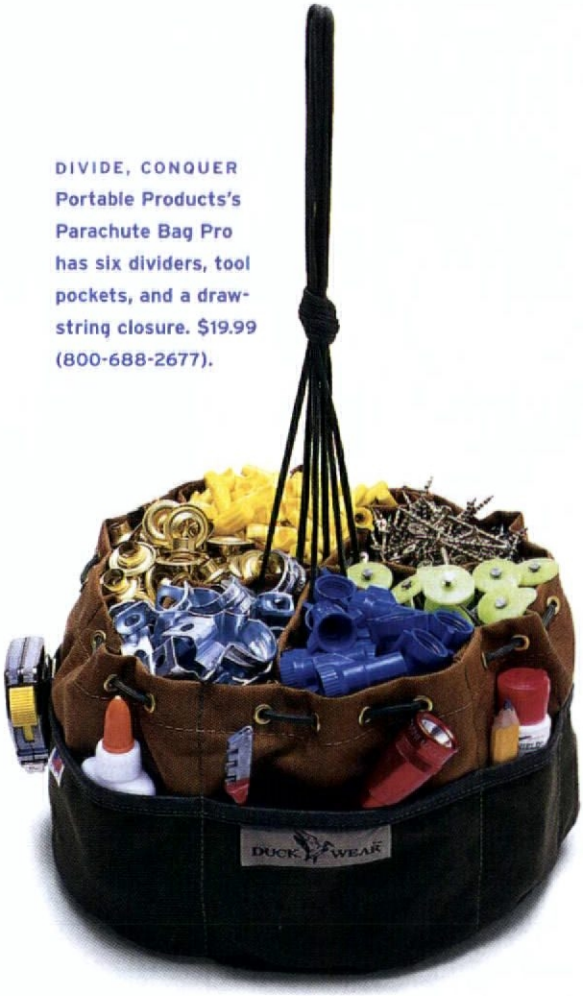


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explains how I ended up with enough tape measures in my house to measure the George Washington Bridge. But the point is that I organize my tools according to sound practical and philosophical principles, and not so I can answer insulting questions that are designed to trip me up, like "Honey, where can I find a Phillips-head screwdriver?" The answer is: It all depends on what you want to screw with it.



DIVIDE, CONQUER Portable Products's Parachute Bag Pro has six dividers, tool pockets, and a drawstring closure. $19.99 (800-688-2677).

But why buckets? you might well ask, since my wife certainly has. To be honest, I didn't arrive at this system through pure reason. I started out keeping my tools in a toolbox (the method that originated with the workers on the Pyramids), and over the years they migrated to buckets more or less spontaneously. But once I started looking into it, I saw that the same thing has been happening in garages and basements all over America. Toolboxes add weight all by themselves. They hold objects horizontally, and easily become unbalanced by a heavy hammer or wrench. You can't see what's inside without opening them up and taking out the top tray. No matter how long they are, certain things won't fit inside. I myself own a pipe wrench about the length of an average second-grader, which is longer than any toolbox I've ever seen.

Hence, the bucket: lightweight, well balanced, limited in what it can carry only by the length of your arms. Also, cheap; free, in fact, if it was originally used to hold something else. A whole new industry has grown up catering to this trend. In my newest catalogue from McFeely's, I see no toolboxes of the conventional, rectangular, hard-sided sort, but an entire page of products designed to help you carry tools in empty five-gallon buckets of drywall compound: screw-on lid adapters, plastic tray inserts, cloth pockets to hang outside buckets, intended to "help bring order to even the most disorganized handyman or contractor." A Minnesota outfit called Portable Products Inc. makes these, as well as several neat soft-sided tool carriers that I see more and more workmen using: an open-topped carryall called the Rigger's Bag, and the Parachute Bag, a round, flat canvas sack with six pie-shaped compartments that close with drawstrings.

The latter is intended not for tools, really, but for hardware, the myriad miscellaneous small parts that are to the handyman as the letters of the alphabet are to writers. Small screws, both wood and sheet metal, in innumerable combinations of lengths, diameters, and head configurations. Small nails—common, finishing, roofing, masonry, and others—small brads, tacks and staples, small bolts, nuts, rings, washers, setscrews, clips, hooks, mollies, brackets, hinges, and springs. Drill bits (high-speed, spade-bit, masonry, brad-point, screwdriver), drill-bit extensions, drill bit depth-set collars, chuck keys for drill bits. A number of years ago, I concluded that it sent the wrong signal to my wife to store these objects in old cigar boxes secured with rubber bands. In any case, I didn't even know anyone who bought cigars by the box any longer. So I switched to coffee cans, and that worked okay, although the problem with almost all cans and jars is the same: unless they each hold exactly one type of thing, you generally have to spill their contents out onto the rug to find what you're looking for. This is especially true if you want, say, a half-inch #4 wood screw, since the smallest pieces invariably find their way to the bottom of the can. I bought a set of stacking plastic trays designed to fit inside a coffee can, but they turned out to be a disappointment, because the trays were bigger around than my coffee cans. A close rereading of the catalogue entry disclosed that they are meant for twenty-eight-ounce coffee cans, of which I don't have any, and besides, who buys coffee in the supermarket anymore? Those lined paper bags they give you at the coffee store are obviously useless for storing parts.

So I bought a Parachute Bag and a couple of bucket inserts, and I spent one of the most pleasant evenings of my life emptying out coffee cans and reorganizing their contents into the inserts' neat, shallow compartments. It was instructive to realize that over the years I had accumulated, in various places around the house, enough glass points (to take just one of many examples) to glaze every window in the Seagram Building. When I was done, I called my wife to see.

"The next time you need to borrow something, it'll be easy to find!" I told her proudly, demonstrating that if you spend enough time going through tool catalogues the prose style wears off on you.

"That's nice," she agreed, "but probably unnecessary. I just bought my own toolbox."

Jerry Adler *is a senior editor at* Newsweek. *His column on hardware runs regularly.*

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Sticks & Stones

To Trim is Human

A defense of architecture's most benign deceits

BY MICHAEL POLLAN



PHOTOGRAPH BY ANITA CALERO

FINE LINES Trim in a building, like italics in prose, underscores what we think is important, sets off a turn of phrase. Sources, see back of book.

I NEVER REALLY UNDERSTOOD TRIM until quite recently, when I had occasion to make some of it myself. Before that, I'd pretty much bought the Modernists' hard line on trim. Crown moldings and window casings and baseboards and all the other embellishments we deploy in the finish of our rooms were architecture's extras, I believed, ornaments slapped on and essentially inessential. There was, too, something vaguely dishonest about trim, since it is so often used to paper over a building's innards and mask the builder's mistakes. Undeniably ornamental rather than structural, trim was one of the first things to get subtracted from buildings when architecture decided that less is more. For what could be more "more" than trim? The very word trumpeted its superfluousness.

But then I built something: the one-room, wood-frame studio where I am writing this column, looking out of a window trimmed in clear pine and divided by muntins shaped in a classic New England profile. By any but the sternest Modernist standard, one would have to conclude my building is only modestly trimmed; there aren't even any half- or quarter-round moldings, much less an ogee or fillet. Though I deployed nothing so fancy around my door and windows, I found that even the simple rectangular moldings with which I finished them exerted an unexpectedly powerful effect on my little room—and in turn on my regard for trim.

To trim out a window, to frame it in clear pine, and underline it with a comfortable sill perched atop an apron of wood suddenly made that window so much more . . . eventful. The frame now called my attention to the landscape it contained, as if to say, *Come see.* It was then I realized that trim in a building worked like a rhetorical device not unlike the italics in a piece of prose. We use it to underscore what we think is important, to set off a particular turn of phrase. And though it's not hard to see how it might be overdone, don't our windows and doors, the places where our rooms open onto the wider world, deserve these ceremonies of emphasis?

The rhetoric of trim is not limited to italicizing or showing off, however. For trim is also used to bridge dissimilar materials and conceal mistakes. In this it more nearly resembles the transitional phrases writers use to leap from one idea to another and to gloss over the absence of a proper logical or narrative connection. (These phrases can be as gewgawed as an old molding, too: "but I digress," or "be that as it may.")

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Beneath every prim slip of trim in my building you will find a none-too-flattering transcript of my education in carpentry, the ragged line of my learning curve as I struggled to master the circular saw and level and right angle. The Modernists were right about this much: Trim *is* dishonest; it disguises a building's structure and rough edges in a flourish of craftsmanship. But it seems to me trim's lies are the forgivable lies of social intercourse, those benign deceits of kindness and courtesy and dress we resort to rather than gape at our own and other people's imperfections. How much everyday honesty can you really stand, anyway? I was as grateful for trim's absolutions as I am for the forgiveness of good tailoring.

Perhaps because making trim is such slow and painstaking work, it leaves plenty of room for reflection, and as I nailed the slender strips of pine over the rankling gaps between my walls and window casings, I passed the time considering the deep relationship between trim and human fallibility. To trim, I decided, is human. No wonder the Modernists had such contempt for it! For if we're not using trim to hide our poor craftsmanship, then we're using it to show off our fine craftsmanship. Either way, an expression of our sloth or our pride, trim speaks to our humanity—indulging not one but *two* of the seven deadly sins—and so spoils the supreme objectivity the Modernists were striving for. Their gaze fixed on a utopia populated by beings far more streamlined than ourselves, Modernist architects had little patience for the human weakness signified by trim.

As an amateur builder I am as grateful for trim's absolutions as I am for the forgiveness of good tailoring

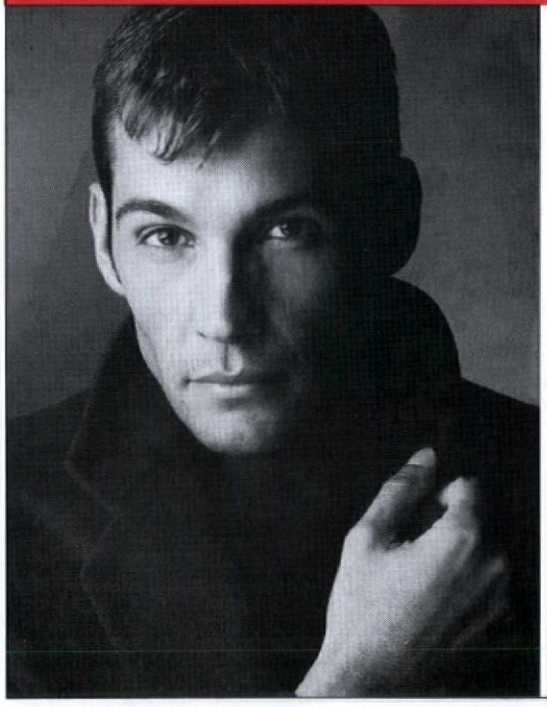
The machine was supposed to allow architecture to dispense with trim altogether, by achieving perfect joints beyond the skill of any craftsman. In practice, however, the seamless, untrimmed interior proved as elusive as most other Modernist dreams. To build to the exacting tolerances that seamlessness demanded was prohibitively expensive and ended up requiring, ironically, a great deal of hand labor to achieve. The real world holds a powerful brief for trim, it seems.

Yet even in places where the ideal of trimlessness has been realized, we often sense something cold, if not inhuman, in the achievement. Trim seems to speak to our condition, and not only as mistake makers and show-offs. Architect Christopher Alexander has suggested that its deeper purpose may be to provide a bridge between the simple forms and daunting proportions of our buildings and a human realm of greater complexity and intimacy. By offering the eye a hierarchy of differently sized shapes, finish trim—along with other kinds of ornament—helps us to make a more comfortable perceptual transition from the larger-than-life scale of the architectural whole to the familiar bodily scale of windows and doors, all the way down to the close-up scale of moldings as slender and intricate as our fingers.

But why should it matter to us whether our built environment is so sensitively scaled? Alexander offers an intriguing, if unprovable, hypothesis. "Our own bodies and the natural surroundings in which we evolved contain a continuous hierarchy of details, ranging all the way from the molecular fine structure to gross features like arms and legs (in our own bodies) and trunks and branches (in our natural surroundings)." A sympathetic man-made place will be one that mirrors the intricately ramifying order of detail that is found in nature. And nature is decidedly more rococo than a Modernist box.

Speculative though it might be (note the trim-ish transition), Alexander's theory makes me think I should have taken up the router and given my austere rectangular moldings a more extravagant

"I've discovered that ladies like the look of a Don Juan."



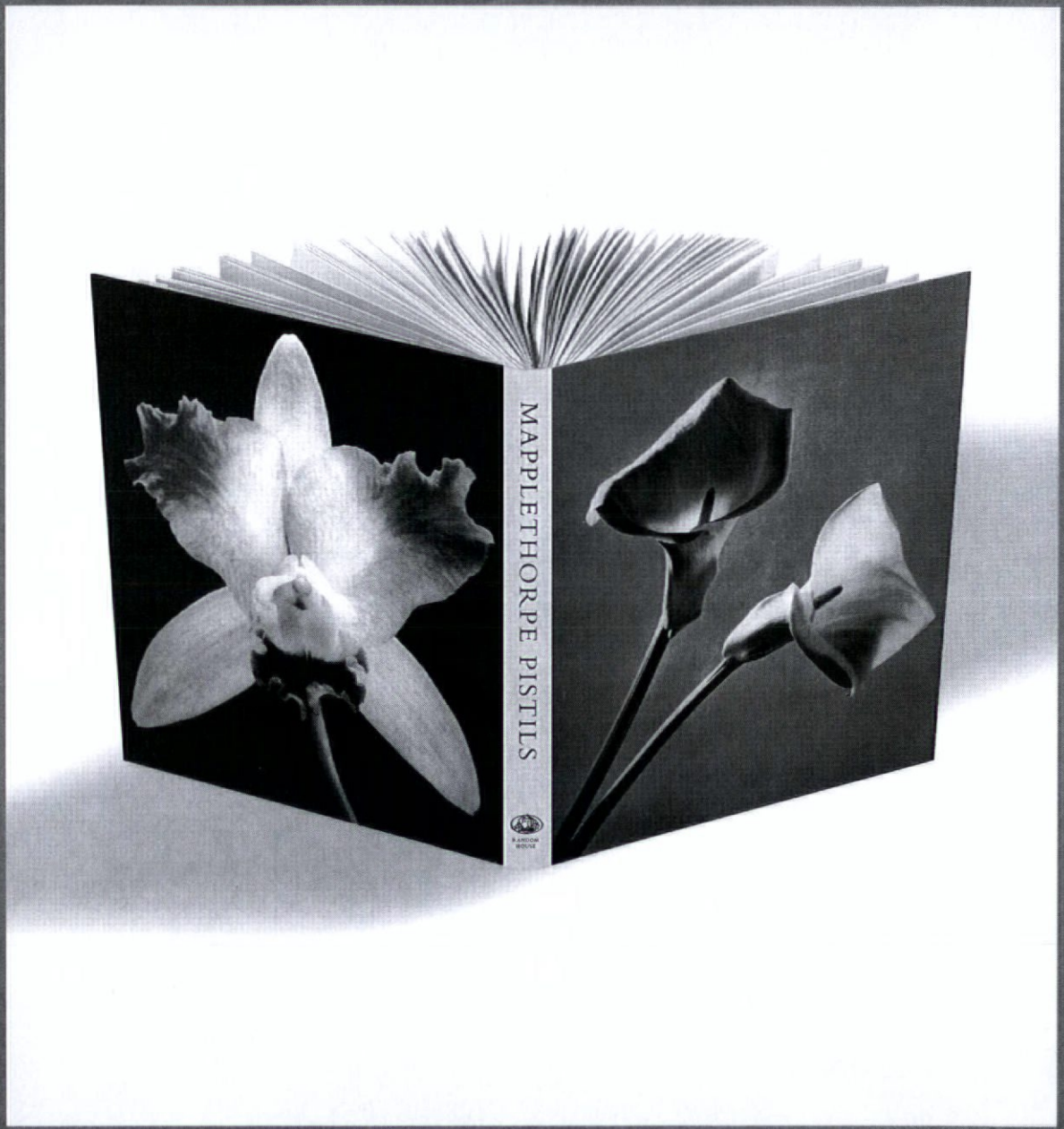
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flourish or two. I've been doing a lot of looking at trim lately, developing a fresh appreciation for the sheer exuberance of the stuff when it is made with some conviction. I marvel at how the hands of a craftsman can tease indifferent pieces of wood and glops of plaster into eggs and darts, dentils and billets, astragals and beakheads and guilloches of unimaginable intricacy. If the language of trim—this wonderful architectural Latin—is not completely dead yet, that's only because Post-Modernism has given it a reprieve. But the reprieve seems half-hearted (just look how flat and unconvincing so much Post-Modernist trim is), granted for reasons of semiological curiosity rather than straightforward delight.

What I wonder, though, is if the deepest spring of this delight might not be superfluity itself, which is, after all, one of the forms that vitality can sometimes take. Doesn't the pleasure we get from fine craftsmanship owe something to the way it transcends workaday utility with the very extraness, the extravagance, of the effort that's been poured into it? In *Sticks & Stones*, the book from which this column borrows its title, Lewis Mumford writes of the sheer "effulgence and profusion of craftsmanship" in traditional architectural detailing, something that is apt to bewilder anyone living in an industrial age that has trouble seeing over the horizon of utility. "A great part of craftsmanship needs no other justification than that it bears the mark of a joyous spirit." That's one side of it, the proud imprint of human effort reflected in a piece of well-wrought molding. Yet there is also a dark side behind even the most beautifully crafted piece of trim, the side, I mean, that hides the marks of our stupidity and sloth. This side, too, holds our all-too-human reflection.

"Sticks & Stones" *is a regular column.* **Michael Pollan***'s new book,* A Place of My Own: The Education of an Amateur Builder *(Random House), will be published in March 1997.*



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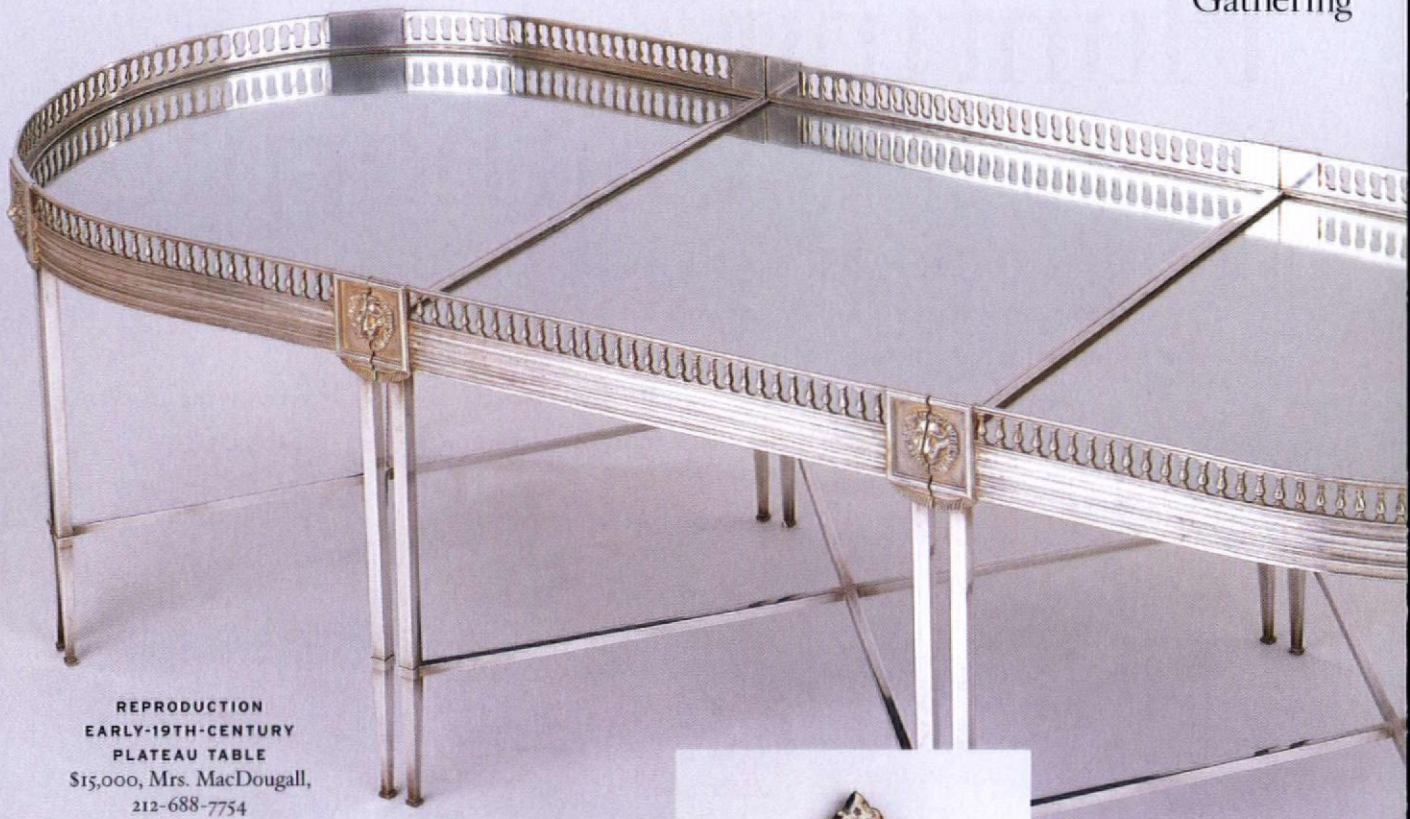
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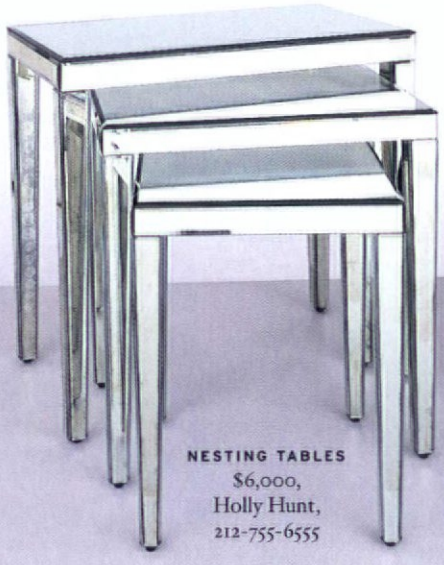
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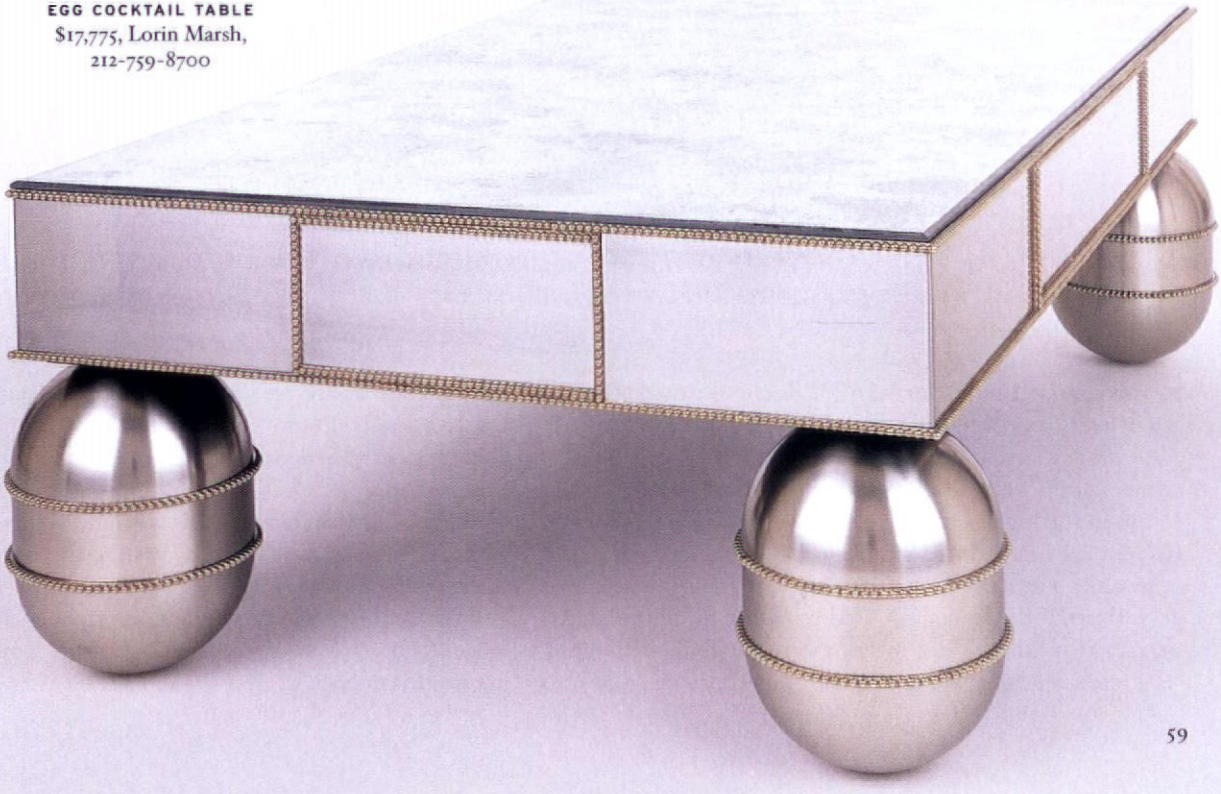
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Richard Holley INTERIOR DESIGNER, HOUSTON, TX

RED ALL OVER Of the dozens of shades on the market, nothing delivers style like Chinese red. Use a little or a lot: with these orangy reds, there's no middle ground. To open up dark corners, California designer Jarrett Hedborg swathes entire rooms in the high-octane hue because it sheds its own light. (Use enough of it, says Dan Carithers, a Georgia decorator, and it becomes a neutral. "Can you imagine any color that doesn't go with red?" he demands.) "Red is a great fix-all for adding pizzazz to a house," says interior designer Jeffrey Bilhuber. "Scattered, it guides your eyes in and around a room." Use it to trim a lamp, upholster an ottoman, or cover a pillow. Too edgy for the bedroom (interior designer Ann Dupuy could endure only three months of Chinese red in her boudoir), red is best in dining rooms, dens, and libraries. Alison Spear, a New York–based architect, cools down her Chinese-red floors with lime-green curtains (backed with red, of course). Icy blue works, too. But to turn up the heat, interior designer Sandra Nunnerley mixes the fiery color with chocolate brown or beige. As Bette Midler told her decorator, "Sometimes you just need a trumpet." —LYGEIA GRACE

SOURCES, SEE BACK OF BOOK.



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BOXING LOVE This Valentine's Day, you need a box with moxie to present your Lilliputian gems. An elegant container will make any of your tiny treasures even more prized, whether it's a strand of black South Sea pearls, a bundle of old photographs, or a stack of sugar cubes for your favorite horse. (Or your favorite donkey: remember Eeyore and his fondness for receptacles?)

CLOCKWISE FROM TOP LEFT: Sterling-silver box from Asprey, $825; zebra-printed leather box from Gucci, $195; hand-stitched leather box by Arte & Cuoio at Galileo, $55; surprise box in silver and pearwood with leather pull from Hermès, $1,575; red, grained-calf-leather stud box from Asprey, $165; light sycamore, tall cube box from Calvin Klein Home, $50; brass and glass vanity box by Fanex at Felissimo, $75; silver-plated round box with lapis studs by Cartier, $550; leather sugar box from Hermès, $1,150; silver-leaf box by Abacus Design at Felissimo, $165; mahogany trinket box from Asprey, $125; small marquetry jewel box from Penhaligon's, $685; black South Sea pearls from Mikimoto, $17,600. Sources, see back of book. – AMY CRAIN

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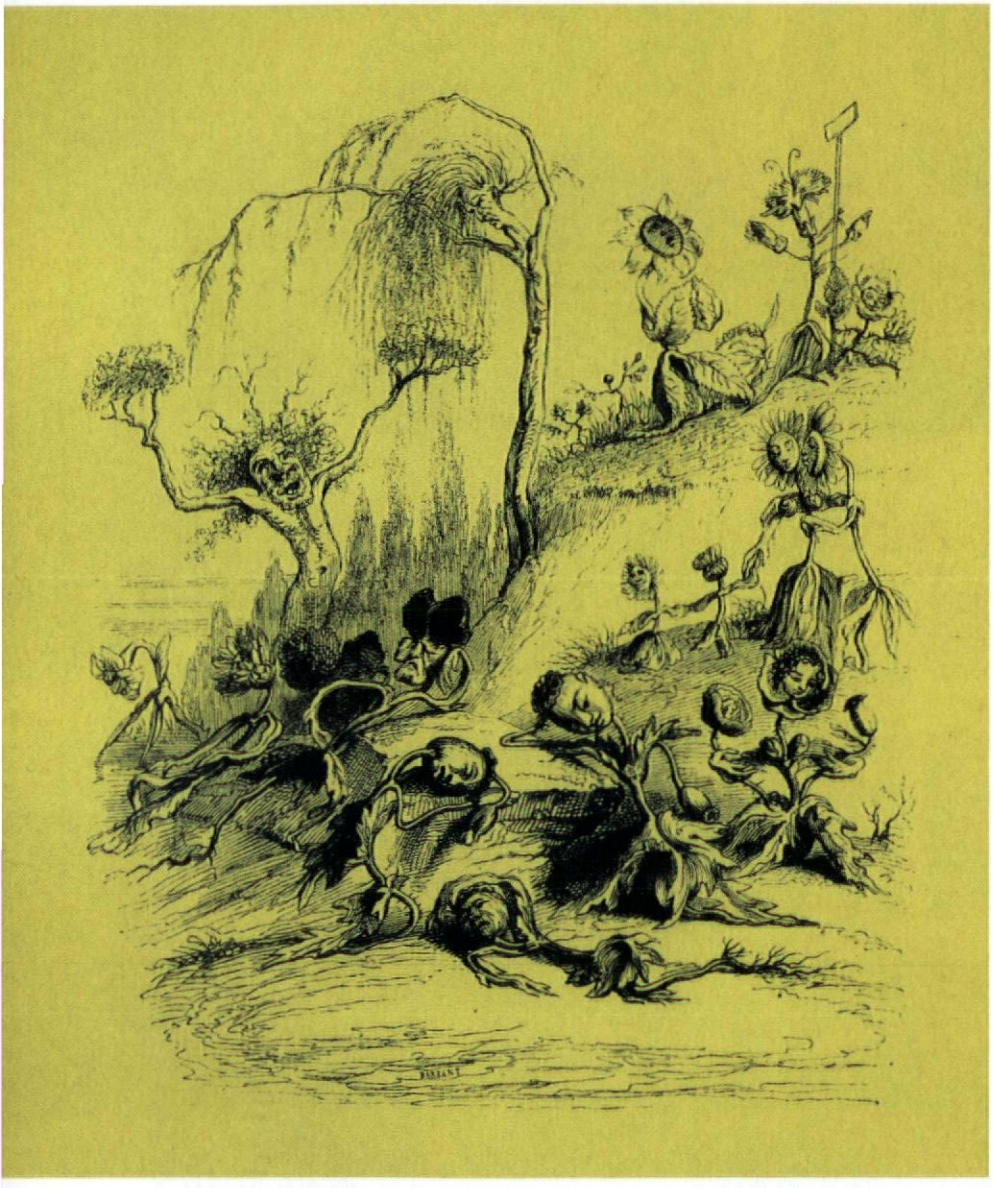
ADDING ARTISTRY TO ART
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On the Couch

The Big Sleep

Nature takes a beauty rest in the winter. Why shouldn't we?

BY MOLLY PEACOCK



"LE REVEIL DES PLANTES" BY BARBANT

BEFORE YOU SEIZE that glitzy brochure from your travel agent, take a lesson from your true-blue friends the perennials. Those peonies in your backyard are not hopping on the next plane to escape their blahs. They firmly intend to stay where they are and relish the happy secret of their dormancy.

We humans are taught to think of winter's deep freeze as inducing a depressed psychological state. (Bring out the medication!) But freezing and thawing are the necessary conditions for all creativity. Dormancy, the province of our irises, belongs to us, too. Every bit of flora—even a reliable juniper—takes its necessary nap. It has to. Though we easily say of our plants, "They want to rest," being out of season scares us. We've got an idea that *we're* supposed to be "in season" all the time.

Long ago, a passionate man left the court of King James I to become a country rector. He had a tumultuous relationship with his spiritual life, and it happened that he worked out his turmoil in some poems he wrote for himself and friends. In "The Pulley," he says we've been given all the celestial virtues but one. What the God of Nature keeps solely in paradise is Rest. Can we think of dormancy as a little piece of heaven on earth? This priest-poet, George Herbert, was revered as an Anglican saint. In the gardener's religion, could there be Saint Fallow?

In this world of Action Addicts, Rest does need a saint. Fallowness is not the same as barrenness. Think of it as creative waiting. Everything worth producing—especially the next stage of our lives—is worth doing *absolutely nothing* for. When a painter friend of mine has struggled too long with an idea, she gets on her snowplow and clears the drive to her house, slowly moving through a kind of deep freeze. This is the way she has of "sleeping on it." The luxury of snoozing on a problem—not *mapping* it out, but *napping* it out—is ours when we refuse a conscious course of action. The undisturbed field is as sumptuous as the palm-treed island that lures us, but far more useful, and traveling there doesn't cost a cent. Under the blanket of icy mud at your feet lies potential itself.

Yet when bare things look dead, nature's minimalism gets

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On the Couch

creepy. Grief is a kind of dormancy we can't reckon on. Exhausted by everything except our experience of loss, our hearts may beat so slowly we'll feel they're not normal hearts at all. After my sister died, I suddenly realized the value of those black armbands people wore in other ages. My great-grandmother scowled at the thought of them, but she might have come to appreciate their place in cyberlife, where nothing is supposed to die, just live on as unanswered E-mail. Three weeks may not pass before your colleagues expect you to "move on" from mourning—and you may even pretend to. But grief requires a real winter—not just a twinkling snowfall—the kind that hangs on till we're sick of it. That gradual awareness of your heart as it drums lets you conclude that you're really still alive.

Paradoxically, winterkill gives you unexpected opportunities. An ice storm can free you of that crab apple you'd never have the guts to ax. Isn't one definition of hell living by ideas that have hung on too long? A thousand cheers for all the dumb relationships, lousy jobs, silly ideas, and sheer perfectionism I've given up all because a dormant period let me throw them off.

If our new Saint Fallow has an emblem, let it be a bowl, because bowls hold nothing before they hold something. And if this saint has a lesson, let it be shown with soil. Here's Saint Fallow's Exercise in Happy Dormancy: Locate some paper-white narcissus bulbs, some potting medium, and a fishbowl. Maybe you're organized enough to have some of these easy-to-grow, tender bulbs left from your fall order. Or, like me, you may have to extort them from your florist. As for the fishbowl, you can use a glorious globe, huge enough for fifteen bulbs, or you can rescue an abandoned single-fisher from the basement. Upscale or down, the principle's the same.

Fill the bowl with actual dirt the roots can grip, not the pebbles people often use for paper-whites. Then set the bulbs on top of the soil, indenting them so that the soil makes firm contact with the basal plate the roots will grow from, leaving the oniony tops to point toward the opening of the bowl. Don't nestle them or cover them up with soil—they'll rot. Water but don't soak them, and stow the bowl in a cool, dark place. (I don't have one of those, so I stick mine under an end table, and put up a cardboard screen for a sunblock.) Don't hide them too far away, or you won't be able to lurk about watching the process. Moisten them carefully over the next few weeks.

As you peek at the soil through the glass, basically nothing will happen. With luck you will become as deeply bored as a child. After that, even more nothing will happen. Then the grublike roots will form, fast and tenacious. When they've grown a couple of inches and the tops are waking up, set the bowl in the sun. The nice thing about the fishbowl is that the bulbs will grow up through the opening, which acts as a hoop when the leaves flop. (And if you used soil rather than stones, you can stake more easily if you need to.)

> We say of our plants, "They want to rest," but being out of season scares us. We've got an idea that we're supposed to be in season all the time

As you sweetly congratulate yourself on your patience, remember that you didn't even have to pack a bag to find this mini blessed state. You simply took the advice of Saint Fallow: *Give yourself a rest.*

"On the Couch" *is an occasional column about the psychology of everyday life.* **Molly Peacock** *is co-editor of* Poetry in Motion: 100 Poems from the Subways and Buses *(Norton). Her latest book of poetry is* Original Love *(Norton).*

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Past Perfect

Early Versions of the Latest Thing

The world of personal electronics began in the 1950s with an exciting toy chest of gadgets. Family life would never be the same

BY VÉRONIQUE VIENNE



PHOTOGRAPH BY RUTLEDGE

DECEMBER 1955 In the 1940s and early 1950s, music in the home was mostly a group experience—ministered to dinner party guests as a mild tranquilizer or offered to the family as an exercise in togetherness. With imposing Musaphonic or Magnavox consoles strategically positioned in the living room, music lovers were bound to tune in in consort. The end of this era of polite listening came with the availability of portable electronics and earphones. By the time this photograph was published in *House & Garden*, music had migrated to the bedroom, and in houses across the country, Beethoven, Bing Crosby, and soon Bo Diddley could play to an audience of one.

Instead of being built like bank safes and made of wood polished with lemon wax, the new music machines came in lightweight plastics and were styled to look like suitcases or jewelry boxes and personalized with jaunty colors. Music was no longer a matter of consensus, and the privatization of listening habits was to make itself felt on family life: with isolation came estrangement.

Here, Mom (or is it Big Sister?) is perched on the bed, composing something undoubtedly romantic on her portable electronic piano, while Junior is sitting on the floor, blowing his bugle and recording himself on a reel-to-reel tape recorder. Oblivious of each other, facing opposite directions, the woman and the boy may be only a few feet apart, but they are straddling what will soon be known as the generation gap. In the coming years, music will be a battleground for adults and children. Plugging in earphones will be a substitute for unplugging the umbilical cord.

The forced innocence of this scene betrays a certain apprehension. The pristine setting seems staged to reassure readers that home is ever the same. And yet behind closed doors, middle-American teenagers were already learning something new about the world from Charlie Parker, Billie Holiday, and B. B. King. *House & Garden* was quick to console frightened parents. "There is no cause for undue alarm," the accompanying article insisted. "The teenager is, aesthetically, a savage. . . . That stage will not last."

Véronique Vienne *is a contributing editor to this magazine. Every month* "Past Perfect" *examines a photo from the magazine's archives.*

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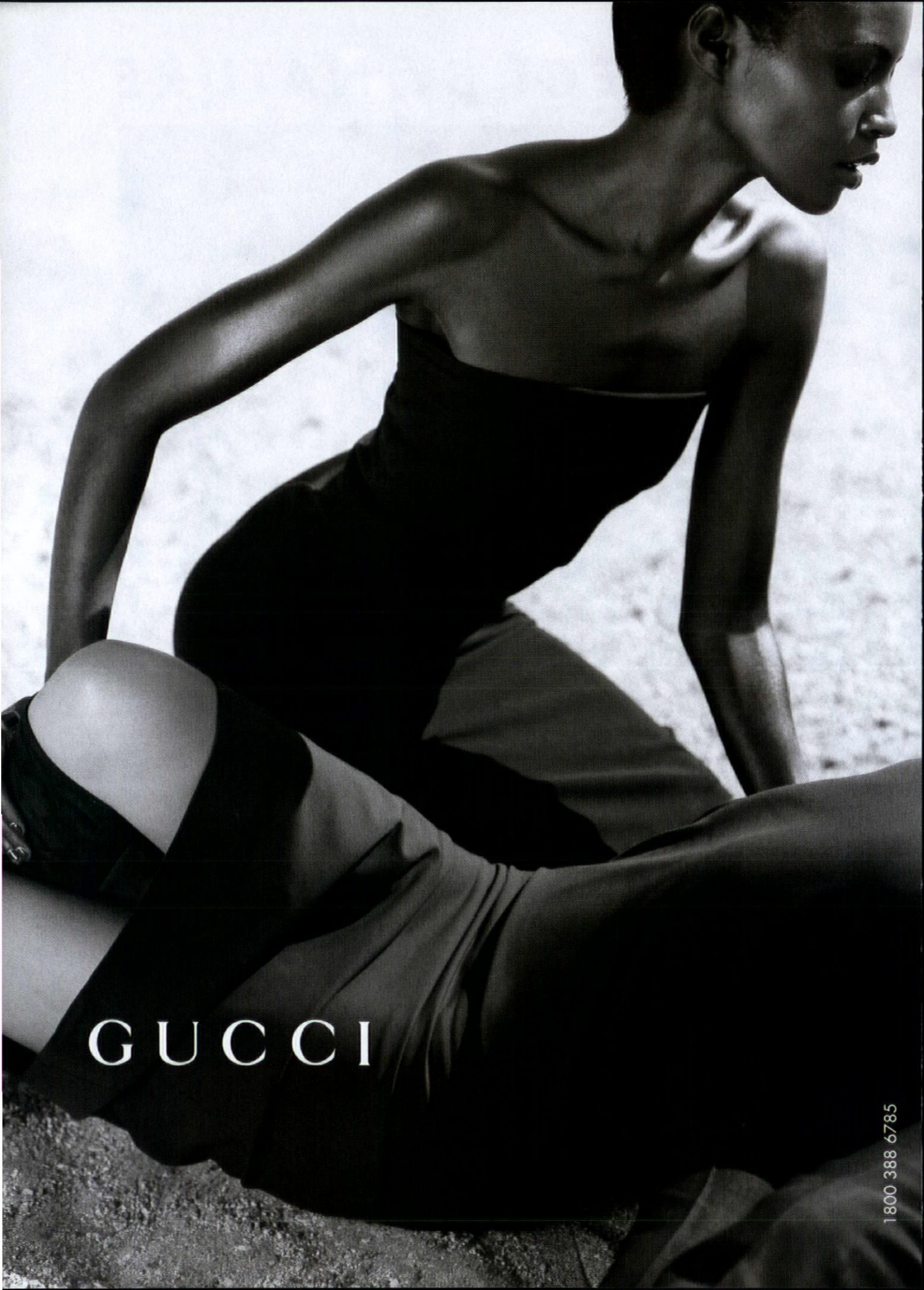


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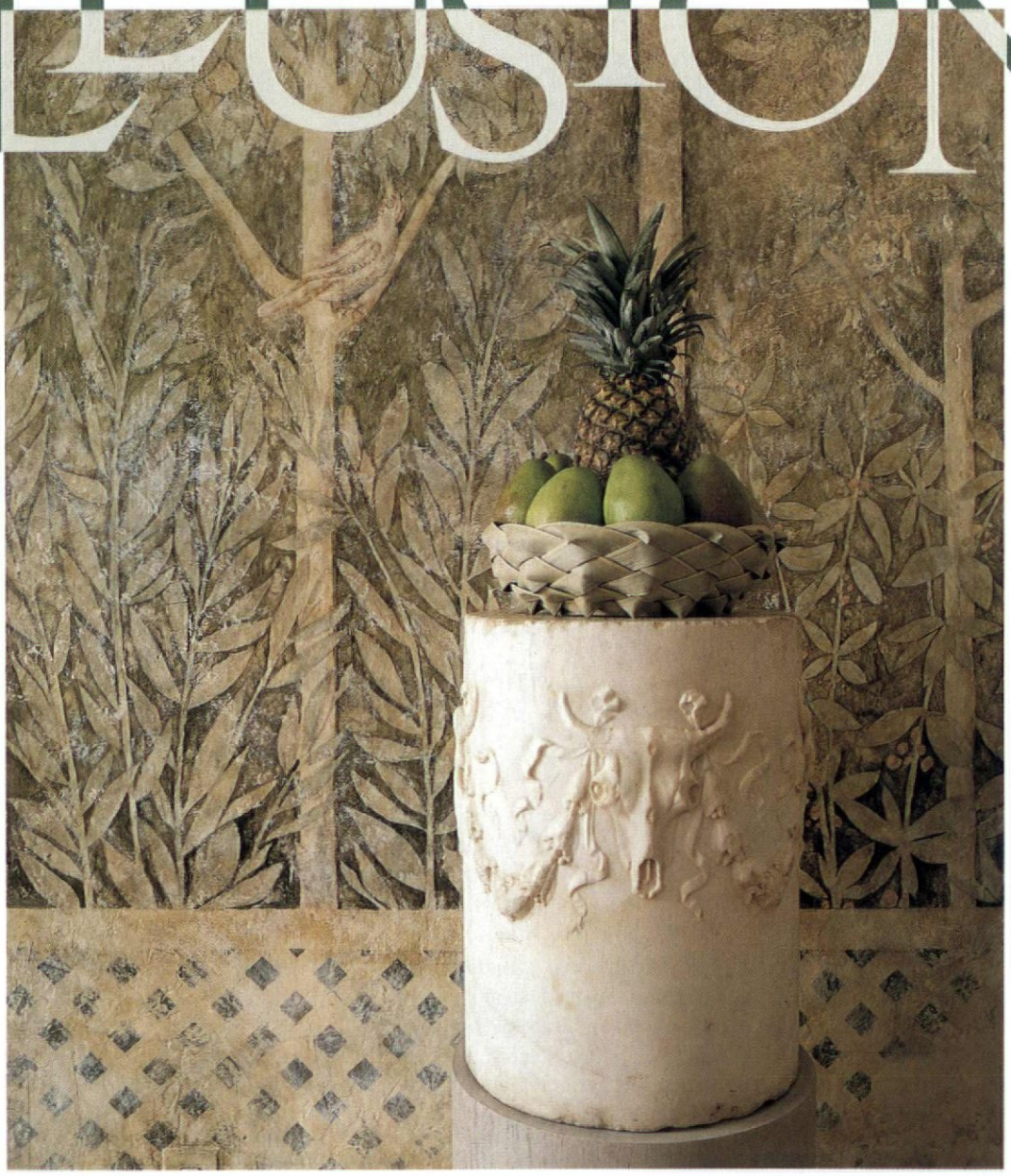
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ILLUSION



FIRST PRINCIPLE You enter an apartment and the city's garish light is suddenly cool and muted. You seem to be in an ancient vestibule where emperors kicked off their sandals to walk on the cool marble floor. Where are you, anyway? In a New Age Venetian villa by John Saladino, who can make a diminutive room monumental, a quiet entrance dramatic with a wink of his civilized eye. Heroic proportions. Discreet charms. Tricks of color and scale—an archway here, a Roman column there; an antique-looking mural, perfectly water-damaged from the ground up (but you are seven stories up!); a dressing room that looks like a Moorish tent. Illusion in the service of comfort, elegance, repose. Civilization has never been more content than this.



CELESTIAL ITALIAN

JOHN SALADINO CREATES A LITTLE BIT OF HEAVEN IN A NEW YORK APARTMENT

The most dramatic way for a visitor lacking a gondola to approach the Park Avenue apartment that designer John Saladino calls a Venetian palace is by subway. Grateful for light and air after a journey that would make Dante quiver, you enter a well-appointed lobby and ascend seven floors. Cool, natural light permeates what appears to be an ancient vestibule.

Saladino appears. He has laryngitis, and his voice has a gravelly texture that suits this elegantly rough space. The apartment's owner, an attractive woman whose pale hair and eyes match this muted interior, beams at him. If there were household gods in modern Manhattan, surely this designer would be hers.

"Think of what happens," Saladino says, "if you go to a Venetian palace, disembark from the gondola, and walk in. You usually have a space, half indoors and half out, that sets the tone for you to pass on to the inner part of the residence. So think of this as a

WRITTEN BY CATHLEEN MEDWICK
PHOTOGRAPHED BY RENÉ STOELTIE
STYLED BY BARBARA STOELTIE





An 18th-century console in the reception room, this page, from Betty Jane Bart, stands against the wall. The Napoleon III chairs in front of the console are covered in Ashbury gray silk from Cowtan & Tout. The armchair slipcovers are Peking beige silk velvet from Larsen. In the vestibule, opposite page, the 18th-century French lantern is from Amy Perlin Antiques; the table is covered in Fortuny cotton.



The 18th-century Italian neoclassical carved chairs in the drawing room, this page, are from Amy Perlin Antiques; the antique Sultanabad carpet is from Saladino Furniture Inc. Stools, opposite page, from the owners' collection are covered in taupe lambskin from Nancy Corzine. An 18th-century painting from R. M. Barokh Antiques hangs above a sofa designed by Saladino and covered in Domasko Gonzaga from Fonthill Ltd.



seashell, as the outside, with barnacles. You are now being prepared to go into the smooth, silky interior."

To ease the transition from the outdoors, Saladino used exterior materials in the vestibule. He had the edges of the volcanic silver travertine floor chipped to look hand-cut. He employed brown-coat plaster on the walls; the way stone dust and plaster dry creates light, burned-out areas, a technique he invented.

Originally, this entryway was dark and cramped, with a dropped ceiling, and a wall dividing the entrance from a small bedroom. Saladino tore out the wall and restored the ceiling to its full height. He enlarged the crown moldings and installed a monumental arch, under which the visitor proceeds into what is now a reception room. The icy gray-blue walls capture and cool the light; a tiny sofa rests against the window; an eighteenth-century Italian console, over which hangs a tapestry with a mirror affixed to it, lends the room a ceremonial air. Such rooms, remarks Saladino wryly, are "as out of fashion as powdering your wig." But when designed with an eye to comfort, they foster a sense of balance and repose.

The owners wanted a retreat from the chaos of Manhattan, and that suited the designer exactly. "I'm trying to create a reality different from a six-planed box. What do you do to make a rectilinear space magic?" He created an inner sanctum, a sequence of rooms opening up into one another, unified by a light palette. From the reception room, a glance to the right reveals the drawing room, set off by twin columns, and then the dining room, with painter Jean Charles Dicharry's exquisite watercolor mural. Inspired by a fresco in Pompeii, it is "the reward at the end of the enfilade," says Saladino, whose painterly eye insists on axes, always with a focal point at the end.

"One of the things I'm always involved with is the use of scale," he continues. "You go from monumental to what you call human scale." In other words, architectural features borrowed from antiquity exaggerate the dimensions of the rooms, making them seem more important than they really are. Human scale is achieved by means of intimate seating areas and "comfortable," minimalist still lifes.

The drawing room is humanized by its worn Sultanabad rug, Chinese silk velvet chairs so sensuous that the designer insists the visitor stroke them ("You could be arrested," he says), and a cushiony sofa. Saladino prides himself on convincing the owners to mix their furniture with the pieces he found or designed.

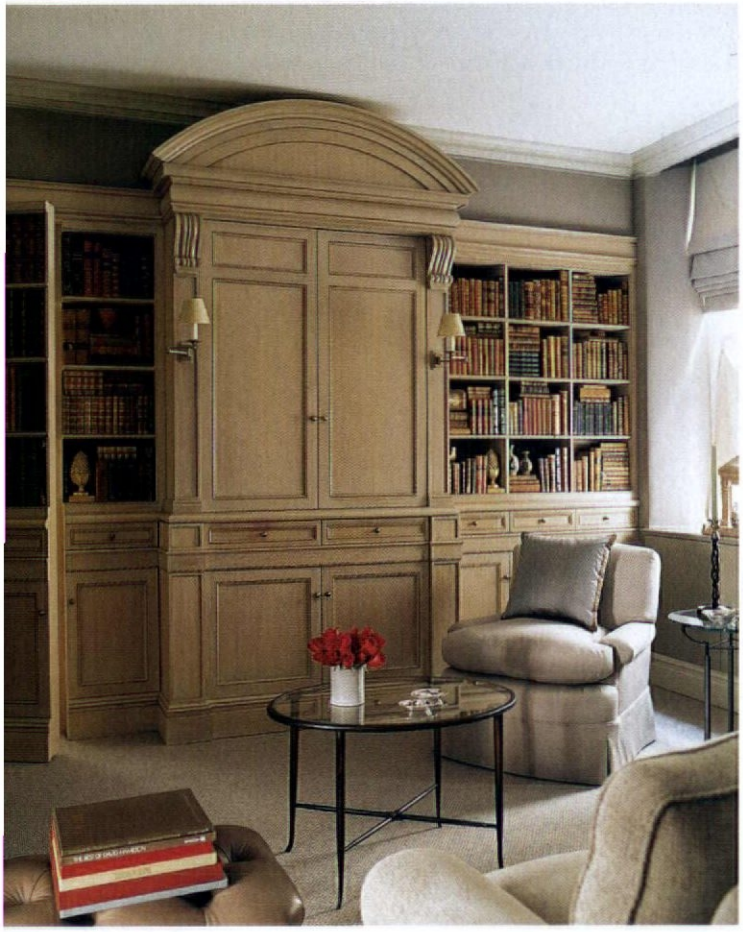
Dicharry's mural has a curious condition: the color seems to be fading from the ground up. "I was a little upset because it was too perfect," Saladino confesses. "So I got a rag and started ruining some of it." The effect is that of rising damp that destroys the paint, an effect that most Venetians, at least, could happily live without. He explains the method to his mayhem: "I set up a discipline, and when I think the discipline is becoming too perfect, I wreck it. I let a corroded surface prevail, or an out-of-scale object, or too many tossed pillows, something to begin to let the occupants dominate the crypto-Nazi precision." This irregular procedure gives Saladino's New Age villa a romantic twist.

In the library, a room that can be entered through the vestibule or the drawing room, a built-in bookcase sports a classical pediment and a trove of antique, leather-bound books, their subtle green and burgundy bindings a perfect foil for the





The dining-room chairs, from Betty Jane Bart, are upholstered in Donghia fabric. The topmost tablecloth is silk taffeta from Zimmer + Rhode; the one beneath it is from Yves Gonnet. French marble column fragments stand in front of Jean Charles Dicharry's mural.







taupe walls. But this library is also filled with secrets: the cabinet conceals a television, one of the designer's more cheerful concessions to twentieth-century life; some of the books are sham; and the bookcase that holds them opens to reveal a hidden door, that most romantic of architectural oddities.

Proceeding from the public to the private rooms, Saladino recalls an Arabic saying: Narrow is the passage to heaven. So it is, as the visitor passes through a tent room—really a dressing room—its walls and ceilings swathed in cotton twill, and into the master bath, made dramatic by repositioning the tub against a large window, and by the "Cimabue-inspired medicine cabinet—a triptych!" Saladino exclaims playfully. The bath leads back to the master bedroom, remarkable for its simple window treatments and its twin eighteenth-century recamiers, very rare because they are three-quarter length. They are covered with removable nutmeg velvet, to accommodate nesting dogs. The bedspread is cotton, in "classically inspired colors" that, as Saladino points out, would hold no charms for the ancients. "Beige and white were not big during Nero's time, I don't think. He would have had this layered with red and vivid blue."

The master illusionist has no illusions about the haven he has made here. It is a perfectly imperfect fantasy, mixing styles, fabrics, finishes faux and authentic. It is a dramatic departure from the chaos of twentieth-century life, and it is a hand-turned, state-of-the-art retreat. The gods must be pleased.

Cathleen Medwick *is a contributing editor to this magazine.*

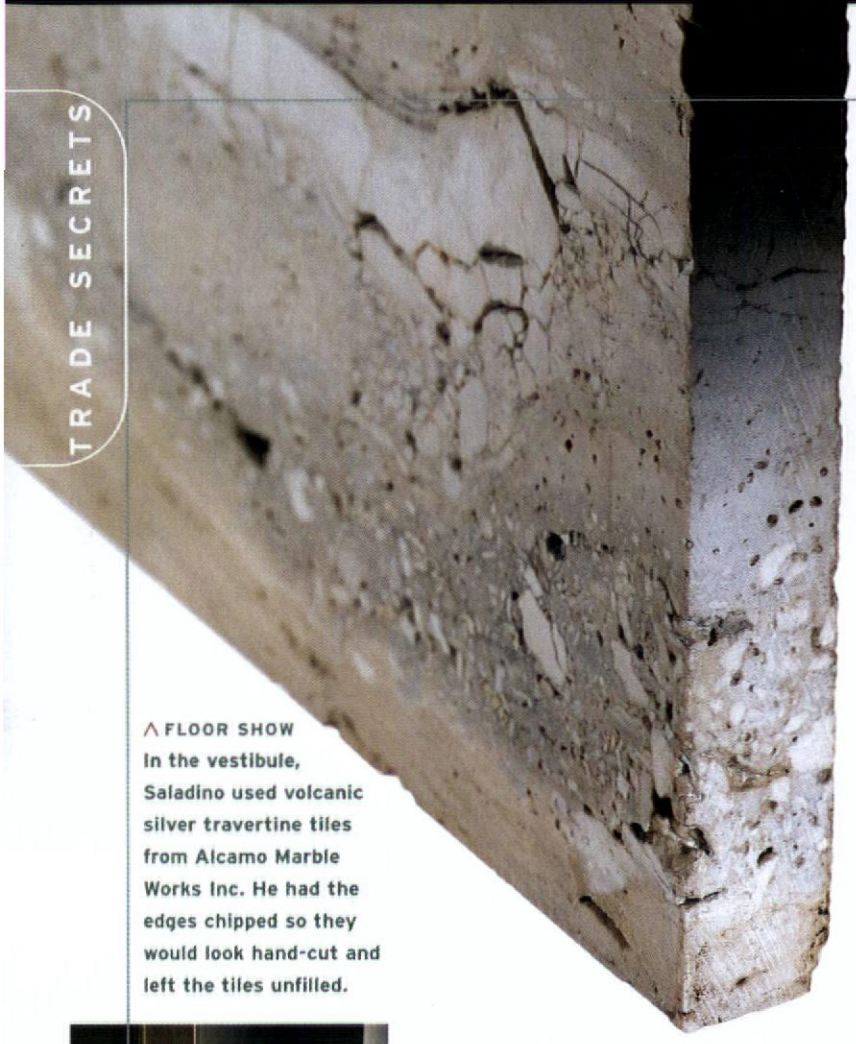


Opposite page, clockwise from bottom: Powder room faucet is from P. E. Guerin; the wall covering is from Clarence House. Library wall covering is Annapolis Silver Cloud, from Unika Vaev; chairs, from the owners' collection, are covered in Gray Fawn chenille from Kirk Brummel. The bedspread, also visible this page, is Las Esfinges Cotton from Brunschwig & Fils. The window treatment, this page, is Berber Stripe from Randolph & Hein. Recamiers are covered in Pierre Lafond velvet. Sources, see back of book.

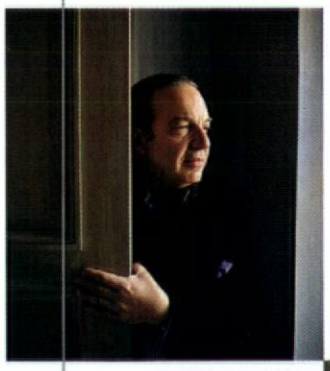
First Principle

ELEMENTS *of* HARMONY

In a Manhattan apartment, John Saladino conjured up an ancient Venetian palace by the careful use of color, texture, and scale. He transformed a windowless entrance hall into a light, airy vestibule, first opening up walls and removing the dropped ceiling, then exaggerating the proportions of the room by installing a monumental, Roman-style archway. By using exterior materials on the walls and floor and a limited palette of earth tones, he created the illusion of a room that was half indoors and half out. "My intention," Saladino says, "is always to expiate the reality of what we have passed through on the street and to create a new reality that is so emotional that you feel you have entered a special place."

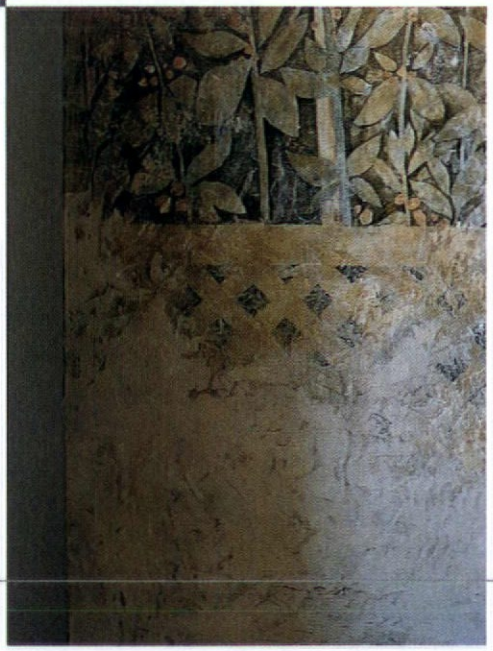


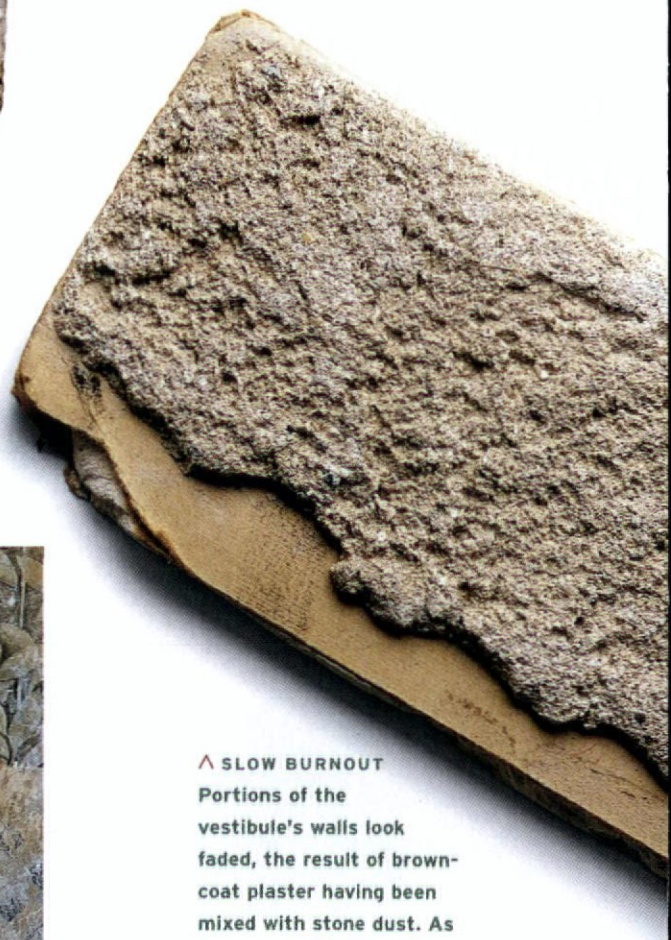
∧ FLOOR SHOW
In the vestibule, Saladino used volcanic silver travertine tiles from Alcamo Marble Works Inc. He had the edges chipped so they would look hand-cut and left the tiles unfilled.



JOHN SALADINO

∨ DISTRESSED SIGNAL
Saladino took a rag and "ruined" the bottom of the dining-room mural to create the effect of rising damp.





∧ SLOW BURNOUT
Portions of the vestibule's walls look faded, the result of brown-coat plaster having been mixed with stone dust. As the dust and plaster dry, areas of "burnout" appear. Says Saladino, "This is my signature. I was the first person to coat plaster."

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FONTHILL LTD.
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>CLASSICAL ACT
In the "ceremonial" public rooms, Saladino combines fabrics of diverse textures and patterns, right and bottom left, and finishes them with intricate trims, below. There is greater variety in color—pinks, blues, browns—than first meets the eye.

NUTMEG, PIERRE LAFOND
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HERMITAGE, NANCY
CORZINE TEXTILES
212.758.4240

"I'M TRYING TO CREATE
A REALITY DIFFERENT FROM
A SIX-PLANED BOX.
WHAT DO YOU DO TO MAKE
A SPACE MAGIC?"

—John Saladino

GRAY FAWN CHENILLE,
MYUNG JIN, INC.
415.331.6373



< UNDERLYING MOTIVE
To enhance the serene mood of the library, the designer uses interwoven Steel wool carpet by Stark. Sources, see back of book.



The not-so-simply-red dining room begins with walls stenciled by Jo Minoprio, London. The color is echoed in the Gisbert Rentmeister brocade on the table and is reflected by a 17th-century china cabinet from Jean Brown, London. Chenille and silk curtains from George Smith, London.

WRITTEN BY MIMI READ PHOTOGRAPHED BY FRITZ VON DER SCHULENBURG

In praise of plenitude

Stephanie Hoppen believes in a voluptuous decorating style

Several years ago, Stephanie Hoppen began to long for untrammeled space. She had colonized her London town house completely with her daybeds and bombé chests, her porcelains and paintings, her candlesticks and textiles, all collected in the thrall of small aesthetic epiphanies. There were no blank rooms left in which to concoct fresh and stylish atmospheres—one of Hoppen's special talents.

So Hoppen found, on a tree-lined block in Chelsea, an amazing new home: an entire floor of a pristine 1890 apartment building, its redbrick facade set behind a sinuous glass canopy. Endowed with huge rooms, high ceilings, simple but pretty cornices, and wide-board oak floors, the late-Victorian apartment rambles for 2,500 square feet—fathomless space by central London standards.

"It's the mood of *The Forsyte Saga*—this fantastic building made for big families living prosperously and in great comfort," says Hoppen. "You had this wealthy, exploding middle class then, in a country that owned the world.

"The architecture was there," she continues. "The only thing I added was the library. I bought an old paneled library out of a nineteenth-century gentleman's house somewhere in the north of England. It must have been a very big room, because we got enough of it to cover all three walls."

Hoppen's homelife is inextricably tied to her work. A dynamic businesswoman whose natural element is art, she owns thriving galleries in London and Toronto; her work is frequently on display at New York's Bergdorf Goodman, where she is set to open a boutique this year.

At her Walton Street shop in London—a four-story establishment with gas fires flickering in gloomy weather—the decorative pictures she favors cover nearly every square inch of wall space, including stairwells. Hoppen once exhibited a show of paintings of beautiful, whimsically dressed beds—a *lit en bateau*, a *lit à la polonaise*, and other marvelous examples from à la mode French houses of the early 1900s. Another time, she showed only paintings of shoes. Minor genres, such as paintings of historical interiors, appeal to her immensely.

"I can't bear minimalism," she confesses. "Pictures give me such intense pleasure that I tend to have a lot of them. I like them everywhere: leaning on shelves and hiding my paperback books; propped up between things; hung all over a wall with some mirrors around. To me, the more the merrier."

In her new apartment, Hoppen displays this opulently cozy decorating style in full flower. Her look borrows more from French Provincial and Paris Grand than it does from English decorating styles. Judicious collecting is part of her skill, but so is the art of display. She can take a seemingly unmanageable profusion of objects and tame it into a statement of easy authority.

In the immense oblong kitchen where Hoppen likes to give luncheon parties, almost nothing is built in; instead, handsome









In the kitchen, opposite page, top, the fruitwood table, originally in a monastery, came from Guinevere, London; below, fabric on the kitchen blinds by Ralph Lauren. In the library, this page, an 1830 French sleigh bed, and a campaign desk from Keith Skeel, London. The Murano glass hanging fixture is from the 1920s. The plaid and paisley rugs and the linen on the cushions are by de la Cuona for Chelsea Editions, NYC. A theatrical supply store provided canvas for the curtains. Carpeting from Blenheim Carpets, London.



"I can't bear minimalism," Hoppen confesses. "Pictures give me such intense pleasure that I tend to have a lot of them"

The wall covering in the guest room, left, is from Pierre Frey, while a correction chair (for posture) and small commode are from Linda Helm, London. The antique French window treatment and mattress ticking are the owner's. In the master bedroom, below, the mirror, column table, and bench are all from Keith Skeel. The bed is Hoppen's design, and the quilt is from her collection. The blue-and-white-checked fabric is by Chelsea Textiles, London. The daybed in the master bedroom, opposite page, is upholstered in Jaffna by Malabar.

old furniture lends an air of the European countryside. Old chests store her large collections of English and Chinese blue-and-white porcelain. The dining table, which seats twelve, came from a Spanish monastery. Hoppen loves the way it contrasts with a set of nineteenth-century French fruitwood armchairs that she's had forever.

But the heart of the room is worn on its walls. Thirty or so pictures hang there, including one of Hoppen's favorites: a painting of a dog wearing a blue-and-white-striped jacket with a sailor collar. It is by one of her most successful artists, Thierry Poncelet, who buys ancestral portraits at junk stores and auctions, and then paints uncannily suitable canine heads over those of the original sitters.

"It was a very ugly, sulky little boy, and now it's this divine Boston terrier who looks down on us with great humor while we eat," says Hoppen, who laughs just thinking about the painting. She's sold Poncelet's canines to royals and owners of stately homes all over Europe, she says.

In a vastly different mood, there's her baroque dining room, which is also the entrance to the apartment. Hoppen has dressed a round table in layers of chenille, silk, and a piece of voluptuous German brocade, all red and gold. A seventeenth-





century Dutch china cupboard displays her red and white opaline glass. Grandiose curtains of chenille and silk hang from antique, gilded pelmets.

"If I'm doing a very grown-up dinner party, I do it here, using Old Paris plates with gold rims, gold crowns, and princely monograms. I put red or raspberry flowers in the oversized ruby vase. It looks wonderfully glamorous and warm."

Hoppen has also made equally careful private spaces. Her own bedroom, pale and peaceful, features an upholstered headboard fashioned around a carved garland that she loves. The bedside table, in the shape of a Corinthian capital, was probably a Victorian folly, she thinks. An eighteenth-century painting of a Swedish interior hangs above the bed. "It's a wonderful blue painting, a room within a room, giving a feeling of eternity," she says.

Weekends, children often rule the roost. Hoppen has five granddaughters, who love to spend the night. She's fashioned them a guest room with walls covered in raspberry toile de Jouy, a bed laid with a quilt made from antique French ticking, and a valentinelike window shade made of Gascony lace. It's a rich treat of a room, meant to make its inhabitants feel cherished, "like they're living in a chocolate box, almost," she says. Her granddaughters, of course, adore it.

Mimi Read *is a contributing editor of this magazine.*

polished EDGES

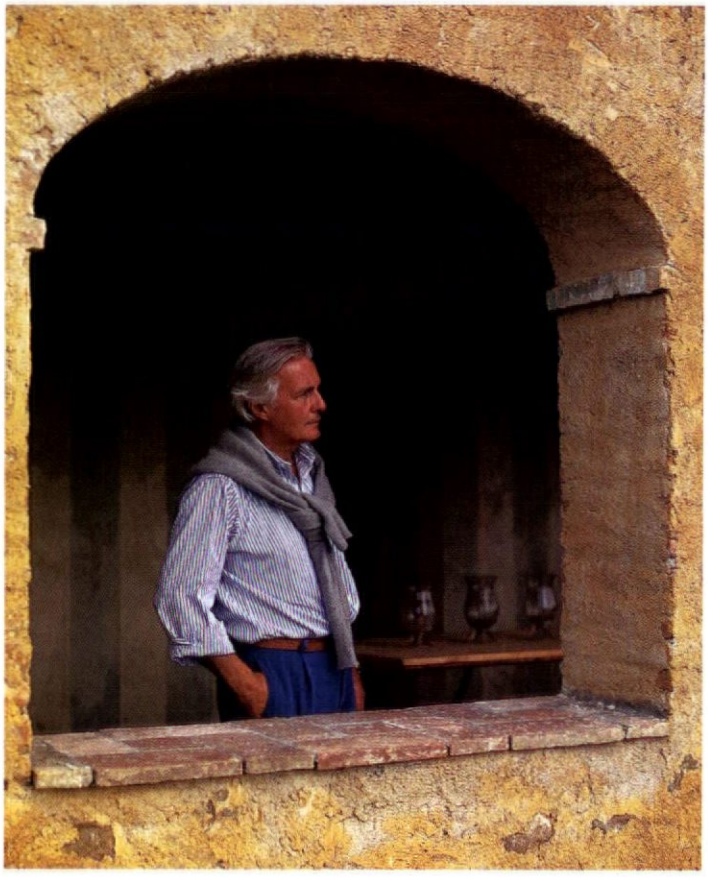
IN A BREAK WITH TRADITION,



A TUSCAN FARMHOUSE IS GIVEN A TAILORED AND URBANE LOOK



BY MARELLA CARACCIOLO · PHOTOGRAPHED BY ANITA CALERO





THE DAY THESE PHOTOGRAPHS WERE TAKEN, PIERO CASTELLINI WAS THE MOST RELAXED PERSON ON THE SCENE. AS THE CAMERAS CLICKED TO CAPTURE THE CHANGING LIGHT, CASTELLINI, AN ARCHITECT AND INTERIOR DESIGNER, COULD BE SEEN STROLLING PEACEFULLY IN THE GARDEN

in search of basil and other herbs for our lunch. His meticulous and serene quest for interesting color and taste combinations lies at the core not only of his exceptional cooking but also of his arresting sense of design. His private retreat, Le Fontenelle, set in the Tuscan hills south of Siena, bears testimony to these talents.

Le Fontenelle is an old farmhouse, and like most Tuscan farmhouses, it has an appealing sobriety and strength. It is also remote. The dusty path leading to it cuts through endless groves of olive trees, and in every direction vineyards extend as far as the eye can see. Hills thick with ancient oak trees fill the view from the house to the distant sea. The first time Castellini saw Le Fontenelle, he was in the company of his son Niccolò, an interior decorator who lives in London and Milan. "There used to be cows and goats living on the ground floor, and the place was very rundown," Castellini recalls as he chops the pine nuts for the pesto, "but as soon as we saw it, we knew we had found what we were looking for: a family retreat."

Born in Milan into a family of architects (his grandfather Piero Portaluppi was one of the finest Italian architects of this century), Castellini soon developed his own style, a combination of a grand conception and attention to detail. The choice of bed linens or the quality of the sage in the garden is no less important to him than the number and size of the rooms in a house. In addition, Castellini has great respect for the genius loci, the spirit of a place.

"Nature, as always, was my starting point," he explains as he discusses the restoration of Le Fontenelle. The ceilings were stripped to reveal the beauty of their materials: stone, brick, ancient beams. Later, the architect chose the interior colors with an eye to the surrounding landscape. "I wanted to capture on the walls the same rugged texture and intensity of color that I could see outside," Castellini says. For this reason he chose a British friend of his with a passion for painting, Adam Alvarez, who has mastered the nearly forgotten technique of wall painting using natural pigments. "Piero asked me to look carefully at the shades of the earth here," Alvarez explains, "and to re-create them on the walls." Thus the vivid, raw Siena stucco of the exterior gives way to

Roses climb over the stucco walls of the house, previous pages, painted by Adam Alvarez. The ground floor, formerly a stable, now contains the living room, kitchen, and entrance hall. The extension on the left, also a former stable, is now a guest room. Castellini, above left, looks out at Le Fontenelle's olive groves and vineyards. Over the mantelpiece, above right, a collection of 18th-century plasters is enclosed in a French Empire frame. The fabric on the chaise is by Mimma Gini, Milan. A lacquered Chinese wedding cabinet bought in Parma, opposite page, holds a collection of treasured objects.



CASTELLINI IS FREE OF THE PREJUDICES ABOUT WHAT A

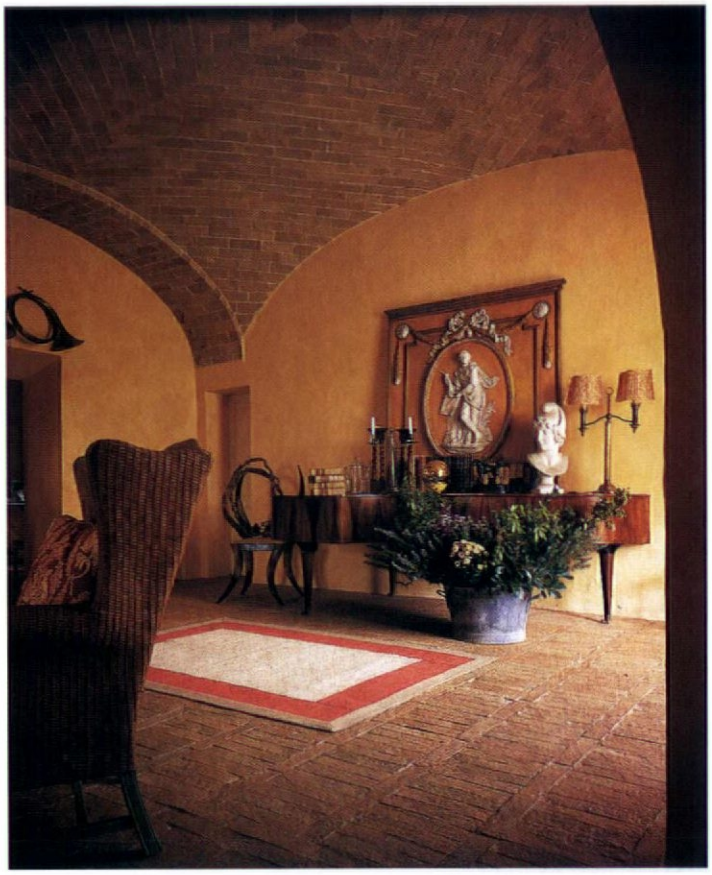


The vaulted ceiling in the main living room is part of the original structure of the house. The fabric on the cushions of the wing chair is by Braquenie et Compagnie, Paris. The 18th-century laquered chair, near left, is covered with Toile Lafayette by Burger, Paris. The fabric on the English chaise longue is by Rubelli, Venice. All other fabrics by Mimma Gini. Carpets by Castellini.


RESTORED TUSCAN FARMHOUSE IS SUPPOSED TO LOOK LIKE


"I WANTED TO CAPTURE THE SAME INTENSITY OF COLOR THAT I SAW OUTSIDE"

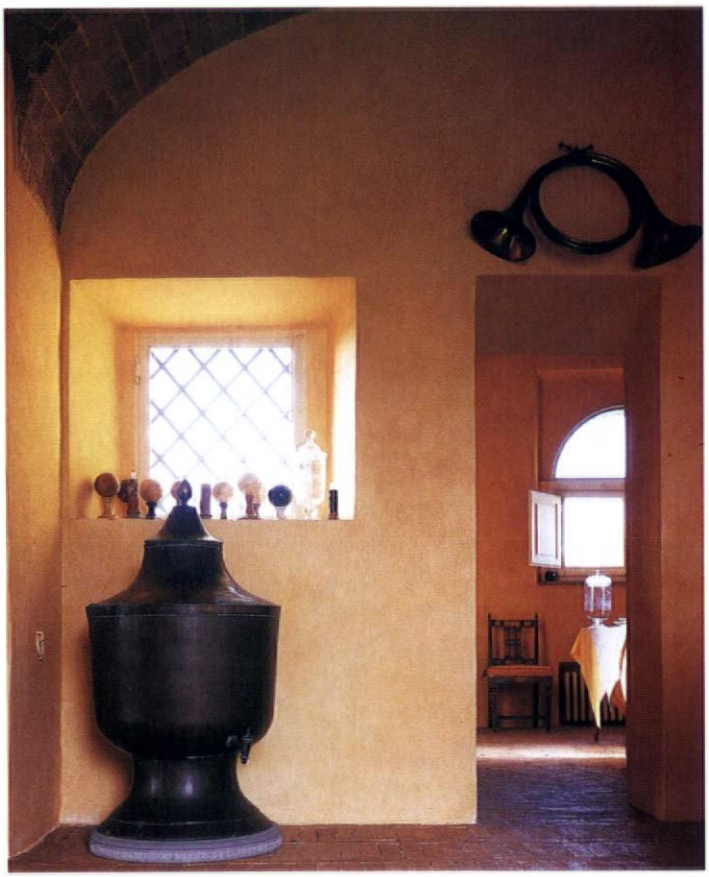




subtler tones of yellows and ochers inside. The result is a succession of rooms that seems to filter the intense Mediterranean light and infuse it with warmth.

The interior is not so much Tuscan as it is Piero Castellini. "I think his deep-rooted knowledge of architecture and decoration has freed him from all the romantic prejudices about what a restored Tuscan farmhouse is supposed to look like," says a friend. Hence no rustic furniture, no faded chintz, no worn-out sofas, nor books scattered on the floor are to be found here. Instead, a sophisticated eclecticism dominates the interior, where lacquered Chinese furniture stands side by side with Louis XVI pieces, and a neoclassical statue is set next to a nineteenth-century colonial chair. Here and there, odd collections of objects, such as old cigar boxes or ancient wax signets, are displayed with an eye for surprising colors and shapes. "I have the collecting bug inside me," Castellini admits. "Every time I see something I like, I buy two instead of one and start a small collection."

One of the leitmotivs in this house (and indeed in Castellini's life) is a passion for fabric. Ocher and red cottons complement the colors in the living room, while in one of the bedrooms an ancient Indian sari on a four-poster bed is set off by cushions and sheets with geometric patterns. Given his family background (at the end of the nineteenth century, the Castellini name was an internationally known trademark for fine fabrics), Piero Castellini's talent



The tablecloth in the dining room, opposite page, is made from a Castellini fabric. The 18th-century Venetian metal basket on the console is from an antiques shop in Milan. The fabric on the Louis XVI sofa in the entrance hall, top left, is Toile de Nantes by Pierre Frey, Paris. A Biedermeier piano, top right, with a neoclassical head from Siena. The 18th-century water tank, above, came from a greenhouse.

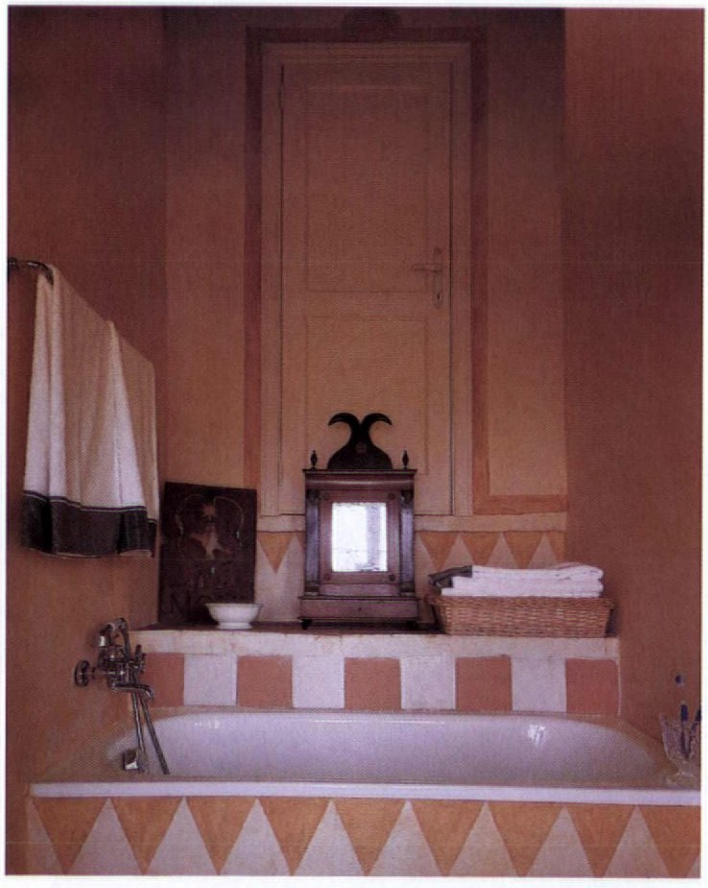


A succession of ocher, yellow, and lavender rooms on the top floor, this page. An 18th-century bird print, on the left wall, is placed just below a pair of antlers from the royal castle of Stupinigi in Turin. Above the mantelpiece in the library, opposite page, is a small collection of porcelain balls, and, on the wall, two 18th-century Piemontese portraits.

I HAVE THE COLLECTING BUG. I SEE SOMETHING I LIKE AND I BUY TWO"







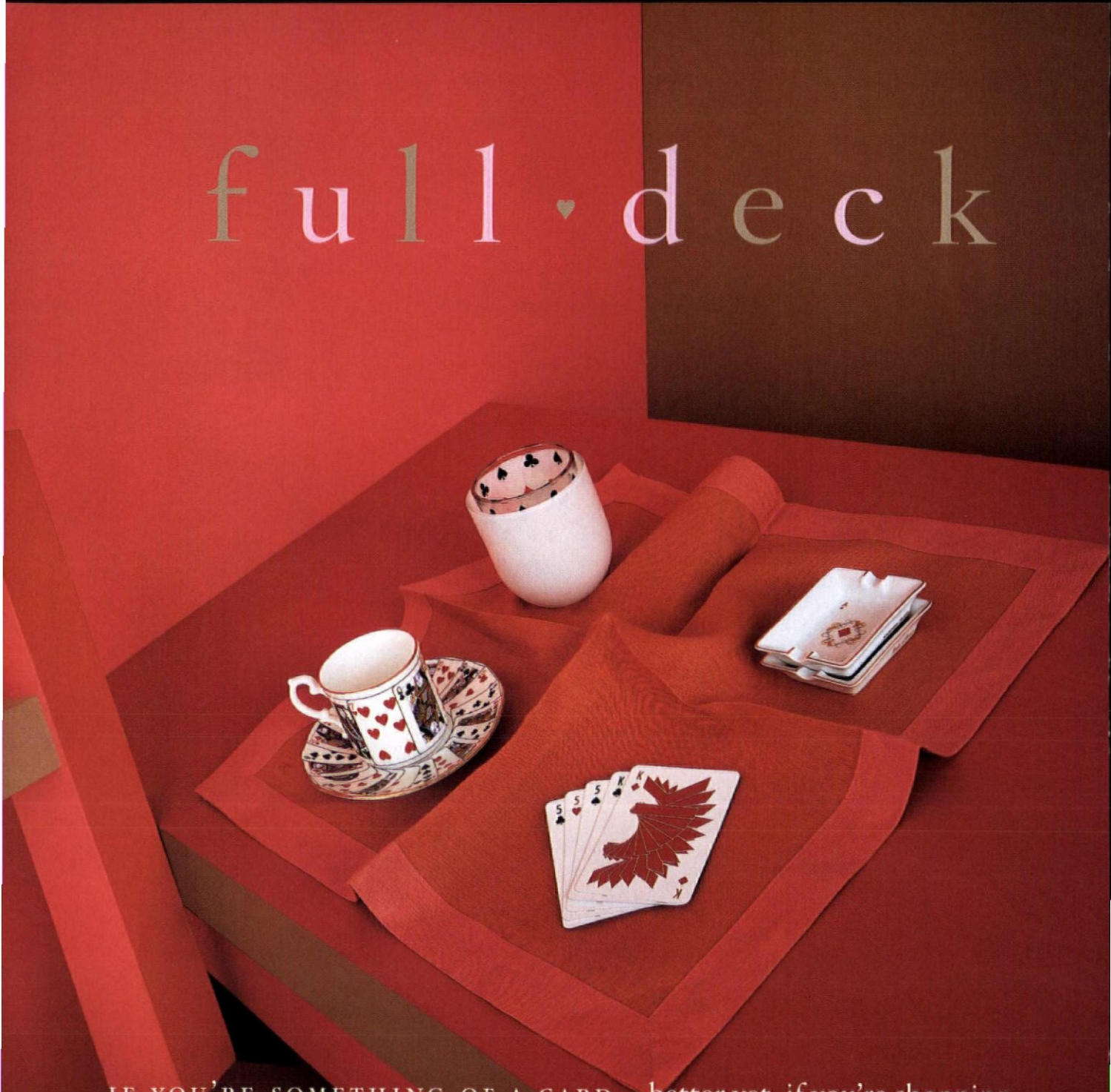
for coming up with arresting patterns and textures is hardly surprising. In keeping with this tradition, Castellini, together with his cousin Emanuele Castellini, is embarking on a new venture, C&C, a line of ready-made goods, with a showroom in Milan. "Our aim is to bring a sense of style to something that is part of everyday living," Castellini explains. "Style" in this case means not only excellent quality but also exciting patterns. "I have found myself inspired by a variety of designs," he says, "some ancient and others merely exotic, such as the Japanese-inspired motifs that border some of the towels and bathrobes at Le Fontenelle." This mixture of sobriety and sophistication is what makes Castellini's style so appealing. For enthusiasts of the Castellini trademark, past and present, C&C marks an exciting new departure.

Marella Caracciolo, *a contributing editor to this magazine, is the author of* Inside Rome, The Garden of Ninfa, *and the forthcoming* Houses and Palaces of Majorca.

Faux-bamboo four-poster bed, above, was designed by Castellini and is dressed in Castellini fabrics. A framed map of a Roman palazzo hangs above a Biedermeier chest. The small guest bathroom, left, boasts towels from C&C (Castellini's new company). The sari on the Indian colonial bed, opposite page, is by Mimma Gini. All other fabrics are C&C. Sources, see back of book.


NO RUSTIC FURNITURE, NO FADED CHINTZ, NO WORN-OUT SOFAS HERE

full·deck



IF YOU'RE SOMETHING OF A CARD—better yet, if you're shopping for someone who is—you're really coming up trumps. Hearts, spades, clubs, and diamonds are everywhere, as bold designs on plates or, more subtly, in the outline of a teapot. You'll have no trouble finding something hearty for Valentine's Day (and there's plenty that's right for Saint Patrick's Day, not to mention opening day of the baseball season). What a deal.

PRODUCED BY JEFFREY W. MILLER PHOTOGRAPHED BY ILAN RUBIN



Opposite page, clockwise from top right: Glass from Mood Indigo ($55/pair) in a Calvin Klein glass ($15); ashtrays from Hermès ($275/set of four); cards from Shi ($16/two decks); cup and saucer from Bob Pryor ($495/set of four), on an Hermès napkin ($135/with place mat). This page, left to right, from top row: Plate from Seed ($65) at Barneys New York; bottle from Moss ($78); bridge pens from Verdura ($800/set of four). Platter from Seed ($155) at Bergdorf Goodman, NYC; box from Seed at Barneys New York (special order only); match striker from Calvin Klein (available in spring). Glass from Hermès ($405); cards from Shi ($16/two decks); candy dish from Seed ($65) at Translation, Dallas. Bowl from Calvin Klein ($40); napkin ring from Hermès ($170); key ring from Tiffany & Co. ($65).



Opposite page: Teapot from Takashimaya ($145); cup and saucer ($30), and dessert plate ($20) from Tiffany & Co.; cards from Museum of Modern Art Design Store ($16/two decks). This page, left to right, from top: Teapots ($145, right, and $195) from Takashimaya; spoon from Camilla D. Bergeron Ltd. ($475); heart from Baccarat ($105); cards from MoMA Design Store ($16/two decks). Plates from Barneys New York ($29). Tumbler from Hermès ($176); cup and saucer from Tiffany & Co. ($120); plate from Barneys New York ($35). Dish from Hermès ($1,010); spoon from Georg Jensen ($85).



Opposite page: Flagon from James II Galleries ($1,250); small dish ($450/three), and large dish ($3,500) from Bob Pryor; *Alice's Adventures in Wonderland,* from Books of Wonder ($15); framed picture from Vito Giallo ($1,200). This page, left to right, from top: Cards from Hermès ($65/two decks); box from Vito Giallo Antiques ($3,500). Cup and saucer from Patricia Flint Antiques ($450/eight-piece set). Card case ($100) from Hermès; small dish from Bob Pryor ($450/three). Mug from Bardith Ltd. ($900); wedding beakers from Tiffany & Co. ($2,475/two). Clover from Baccarat ($120); envelope from Hermès ($485). Sources, see back of book.


RACHEL
CHARLES
ARGINE
DAVID
ROGER
CESAR
PALLAS
THE QUEEN'S CROQUET-GROUND 113
"You'd better not talk!" said Five. "I heard the Queen say only yesterday you deserved to be beheaded!"
"What for?" said the one who had spoken first.
"That's none of your business, Two!" said Seven.
"Yes, it

COUNTRY MATTERS

In everything from master cabinetry to Outsider art, Robert Hicks's house expresses a passion for the richness of American culture



MORE THAN TWENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO, Robert Hicks arrived in Nashville from south Florida and discovered country music. "I stood in the alley and watched the Grand Ole Opry from the side door. I had been into the Beatles and Steppenwolf, and when I found this rooted American music, I fell in love with it," says Hicks, who is a music publisher and manager of Jump, Little Children, an alternative rock band based in Charleston, South

BY SUZANNE SLESIN PHOTOGRAPHED BY MICHEL ARNAUD STYLED BY CAROLINA IRVING



In the dining room, opposite page, the portrait of bluegrass musician Bill Monroe and the marching band drum with a portrait of Bix Beiderbecke are by Memphis artist Lamar Sorrento. The 1850s chairs, this page, are by Dick Poynor, a free mulatto chairmaker who worked in the area.



Carolina. "It was a mysterious and wonderful thing that I saw," he says.

So is the place he calls home—a cabin outside the town of Franklin, Tennessee, that is just down the road, Hicks explains, "from the Old Natchez Trace that connected Nashville, the furthermost city in what was then the southwest U. S., to Natchez, the furthermost city in the northeast Louisiana territory."

Hicks describes his cabin as "an amalgam of three different periods, with the largest part having been built in 1795, and the two smaller additions dating from 1830 and 1845." He explains that the structures were dismantled at their original sites nearby and moved to the present location in an operation that was arduous but fulfilling. "When I was rebuilding the house, I lost

Stranger from Another World **(c. 1978) by the Reverend Howard Finster hangs in a corner of the living room, above. Pieces by Georgia Blizzard, a Virginia folk potter, sit on a 1790 walnut chest. The antler chair was found in New York state. In the living room, opposite page, a cherry table from Virginia, a Gothic Revival desk, and a Gothic chair. A cement tabletop by the Reverend B. F. Perkins is mounted on the ceiling.**





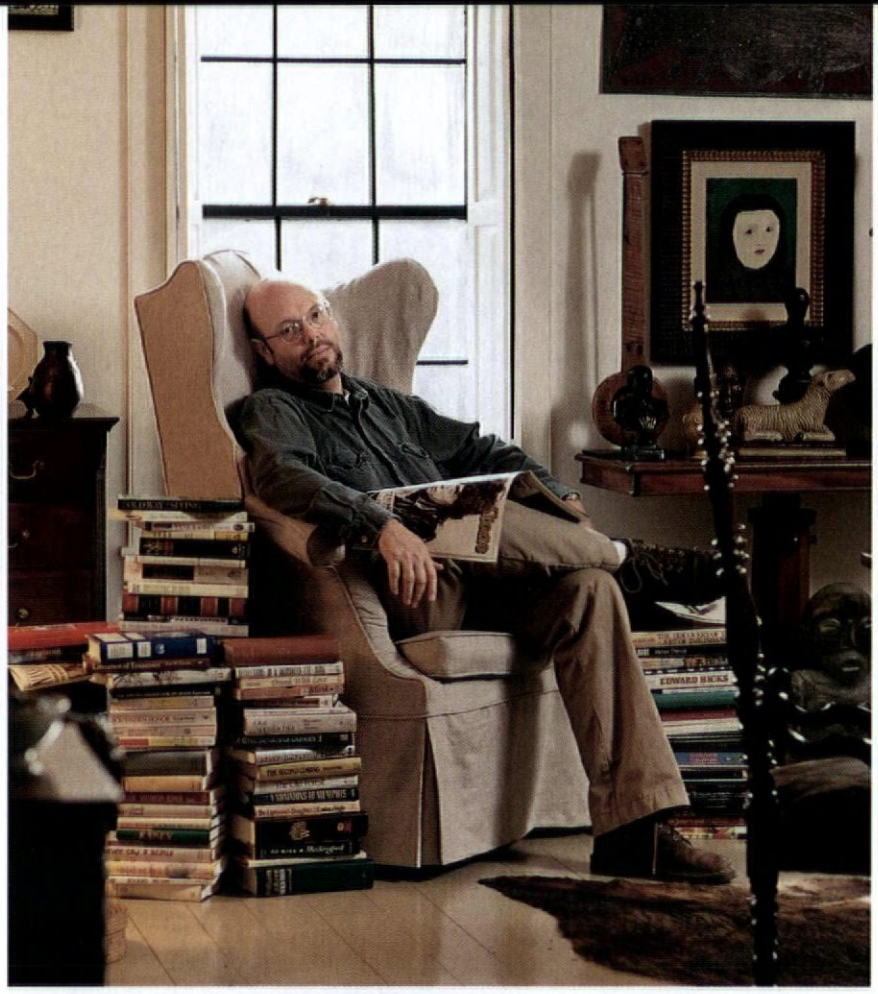
focus," Hicks says. "All I did was eat, drink, sleep, and get this house back together. I had basically stopped doing anything else."

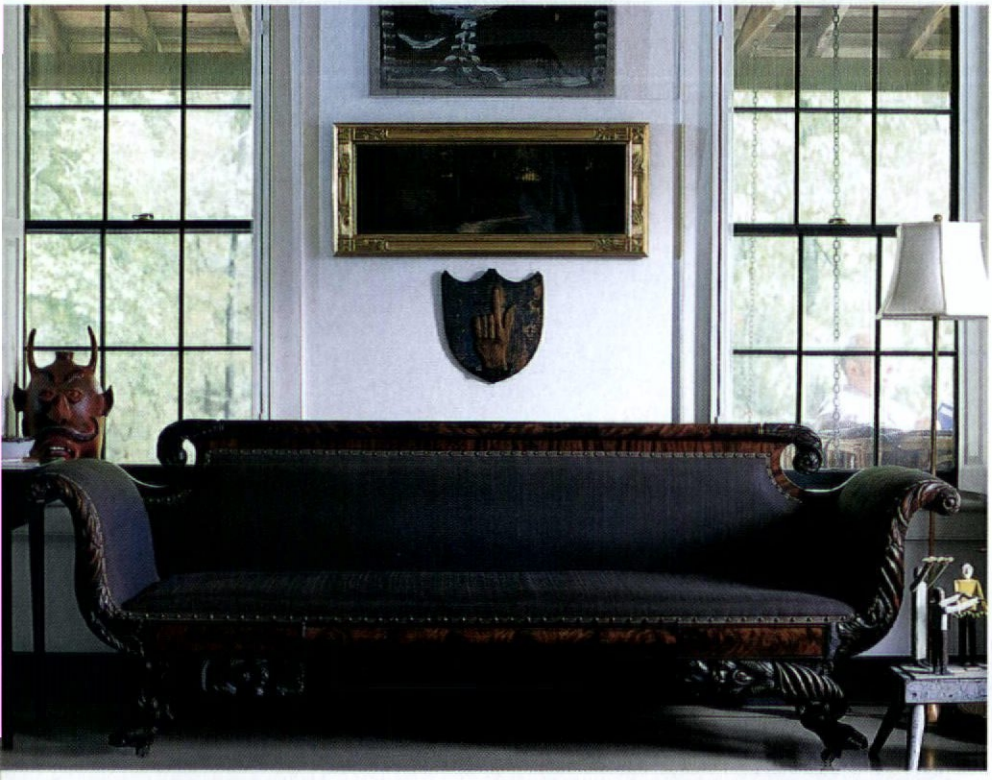
The memory of those days led Hicks to paint "Labor in Vain" on the mailbox that stands at the beginning of the nineteenth-century chestnut rail fence that zigzags picturesquely up the hill to his cabin. "I wanted to be reminded never again to focus on any one thing to the exclusion of everything else," Hicks says.

Nevertheless, the obsessive attention he devoted to rebuilding the cabin is also reflected in the assembling and display of his collections of antique American furniture and folk and Outsider art. "It's an unusual combination," Hicks says, "but they are all the things I love." That affection is as much a unifying principle of his collections as anything else. "I'm very attached to what people create out of their life experiences." The ground floor of the house

The kitchen, above, has the rough-hewn beams of a log cabin that was in bad condition before being reassembled at its new location. The Windsor bench from Pennsylvania dates from about 1845. The chair by the fireplace is a mid-19th-century Tennessee piece. The 1840s cherry corner cupboard is also from Tennessee. The sign over the mantel is by Homer Green, a self-taught Tennessee artist in his eighties. A giraffe, also by Homer Green, opposite page, welcomes visitors to the log cabin.







Robert Hicks, top, relaxes in a wing chair slipcovered in linen, surrounded by piles of his favorite books. The painting is *The Lost Soul*, by Lillian Webb, a contemporary artist. The sofa, above, from Kevin Walker Antiques, in Pulaski, Tennessee, was made in New York around 1825. The folk art shield came from a fraternal lodge. The small carvings are by Fred Webster, an Alabama artist. Sources, see back of book.

includes three interconnecting rooms: a large kitchen that leads into a formal dining room that, in turn, opens onto a living room. No doubt because one of his passions is American history, there are a good many covetable antiques. One of Hicks's favorite acquisitions—a late-neoclassical sofa, made in New York around 1825, occupies a spot near the windows: "I just got it," Hicks says. "Isn't it a killer?"

Sure, but so are the sculptures, paintings, and carvings that cover the walls, chests, and tables. "I look for weird stuff," says Hicks, who adds that he's "not here to make a social statement." That's just as well, since he's gotten used to visitors who take a look around and ask, "Did you paint all these things?" He shakes his head. "How do you answer a question like that?"

Hicks explains that he "got connected to Outsider art in 1979," after reading an article about the Reverend Howard Finster, the now ubiquitous self-taught Georgia artist. "I saw in Outsider art the essence of creativity," he says. "These people are in no way limited by academic art. I do believe that Outsider art will take its place as a major movement in the history of post-Roman art."

His appreciation of the significance of Outsider art is reflected in his decision to display it as "you would any other art." A chicken painted on corrugated tin, by Jimmy Lee Sudduth, a Fayette, Alabama, artist, hangs between the two windows above a horsehair sofa; a self-portrait, in acrylic on canvas, by Robert Gilpin, a contemporary Montana artist, has a place of honor above a 1760s chest made by the Chapin family in Connecticut; and a three-hundred-pound, painted-concrete picnic-table top by the late Reverend B. F. Perkins, an Alabama artist, is suspended upside down from the ceiling of the sitting room. "I can only display the tip of the iceberg of my collection," Hicks sighs. "That piece will leave the house only when I do."

If he ever were to move, he says, it would be to the first Palladian tower built in the hills of Tennessee. "That's been in my head for some time," he says. For now, one assumes that Hicks will stay in his chockablock log cabin.

VISIONS & VISIONARIES

Robert Hicks's collection of Outsider art is part of a growing appreciation for the intensity and purity of self-taught artists



Delta Painting (1983), Howard Finster

BRINGING THE WORD

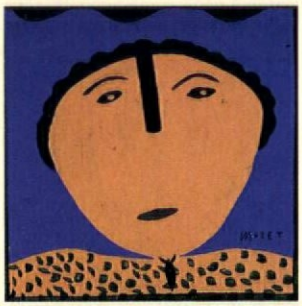
Howard Finster, a handyman and itinerant preacher from Pennville, Georgia, was sixty in 1976, when he says he received a divine call to "paint sacred art." By now, he has created more than 36,000 works—vivid enamels on plywood with Bible-thumping text. Finster's entrepreneurial zeal—he has a sales hotline—has prompted collectors to focus on his early pieces. A large Finster that sold for $500 two decades ago can fetch $25,000 today.

RAW ART

Bill Traylor, who was born into slavery in 1856, had been a farmer and a factory hand, but by age eighty-three he was living on handouts. Artist Charles Shannon came across Traylor on the streets of Montgomery, Alabama, drawing pictures for his own amusement and that of passersby. Traylor died in 1947, but Shannon preserved about 1,500 of his compositions. Works he may have sold for small change in the 1940s can now sell for as much as $60,000.

Figure and Construction With Blue Border (c. 1941), Bill Traylor





Untitled (1996), Mose Tolliver

PEACEABLE KINGDOM

Mose Tolliver was injured on the job in the early 1960s, when a slab of marble fell on his feet, leaving him unable to walk without crutches. A visit to a Montgomery, Alabama, art show inspired him to pass his time painting naïve self-portraits and pictures of animals and women that he hung in his front yard. Now in his eighties, Tolliver is called the most widely exhibited living black self-taught artist. An early work he might originally have sold for $1 can command $1,500 today.

TRUE WEST

Martin Ramirez was born in Mexico in the late 1800s, went to California as a young man, and ended up on the streets. In 1935, he was diagnosed as a paranoid schizophrenic and placed in a state mental hospital, where he lived until his death, in the '60s. In the early '50s, a psychologist discovered Ramirez at work on his haunting images of cowboys, trains, and deer. About 300 of his works survive. A large Ramirez drawing that sold for $1,500 in the early '70s now sells for $80,000.

REVELATIONS

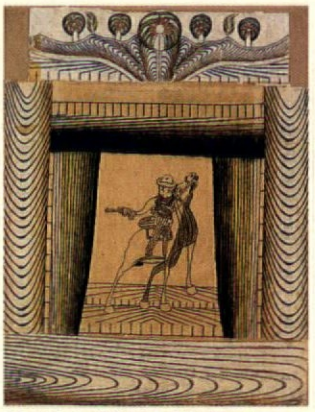
William Edmondson's sculpture has been compared to Brancusi's, and in 1937 he became the first black artist to have a solo show at the Museum of Modern Art. But Edmondson, who was born near Nashville around 1882 and died there in 1951, always gave God credit for his work. He began in 1934, carving tombstones and lawn ornaments. Only 160 or so of his sculptures have survived. A large piece, for which he probably charged $10 in the '30s, could bring $200,000 today.



Woman With Muff (c. 1940), William Edmondson

SUFFER THE CHILDREN

Henry Darger died in Chicago in 1972, at age eighty-one, where he was known only as a neighborhood coot who attended mass several times a day and worked as a hospital orderly. Then his landlord discovered *In the Realms of the Unreal*, a darkly obsessive, 19,000-page novel Darger had spent more than forty years writing. Set on another planet, where a race of little girls is at war with a nation of cruel adult males, Darger's story is illustrated with watercolor gatefolds. A panel from Darger's tale of innocence and power that sold for $7,000 in 1985 today costs $70,000.

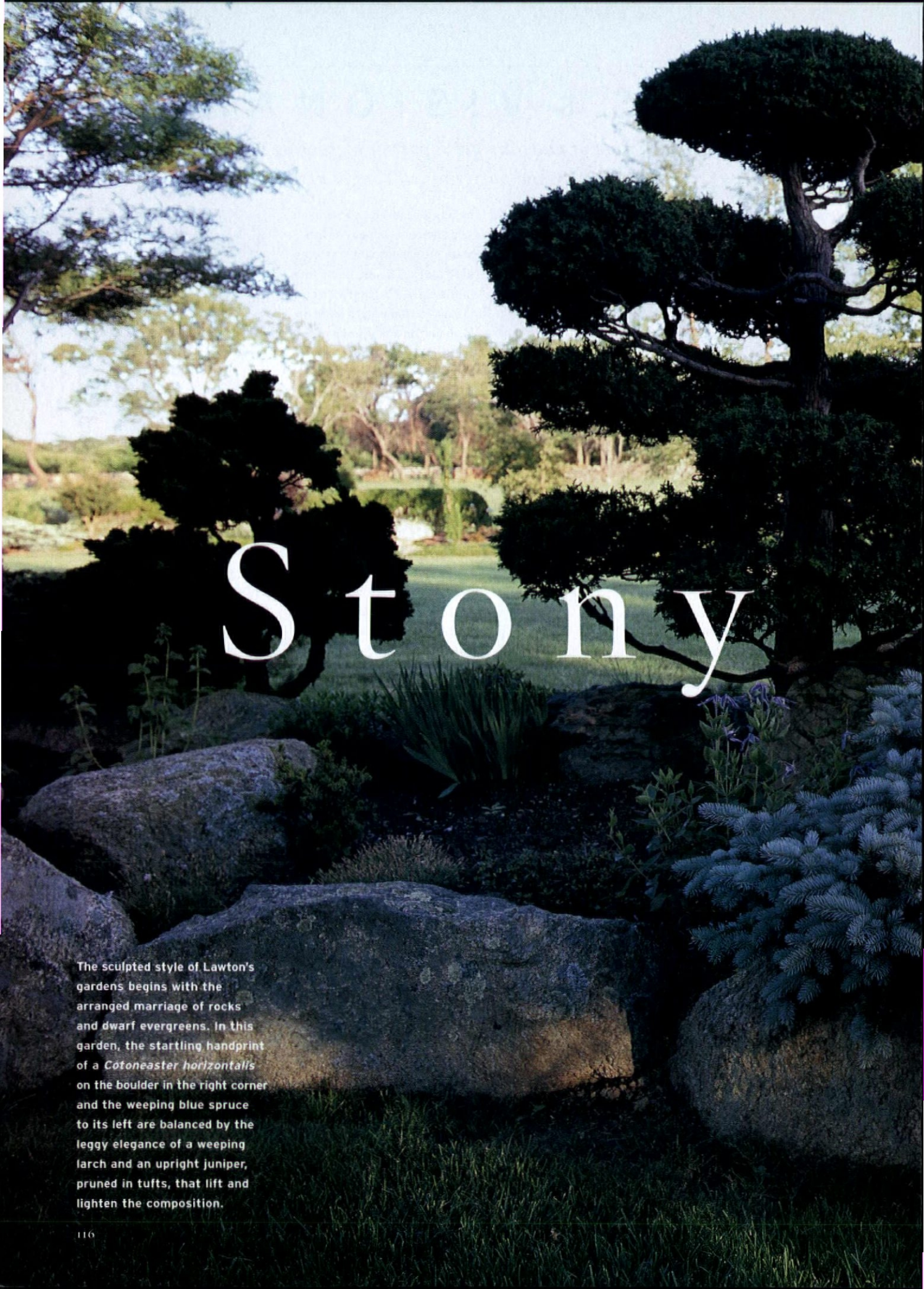


Untitled, Cabalero With Palm Trees (c. 1953), Martin Ramirez

An exhibit of the work of Henry Darger can be seen at the Museum of American Folk Art in New York from January 18 through April 27. The annual Outsider Art Fair at the Puck Building in New York runs from January 21 to 27.

Untitled (2,000 Feet Below) (n.d.), Henry Darger

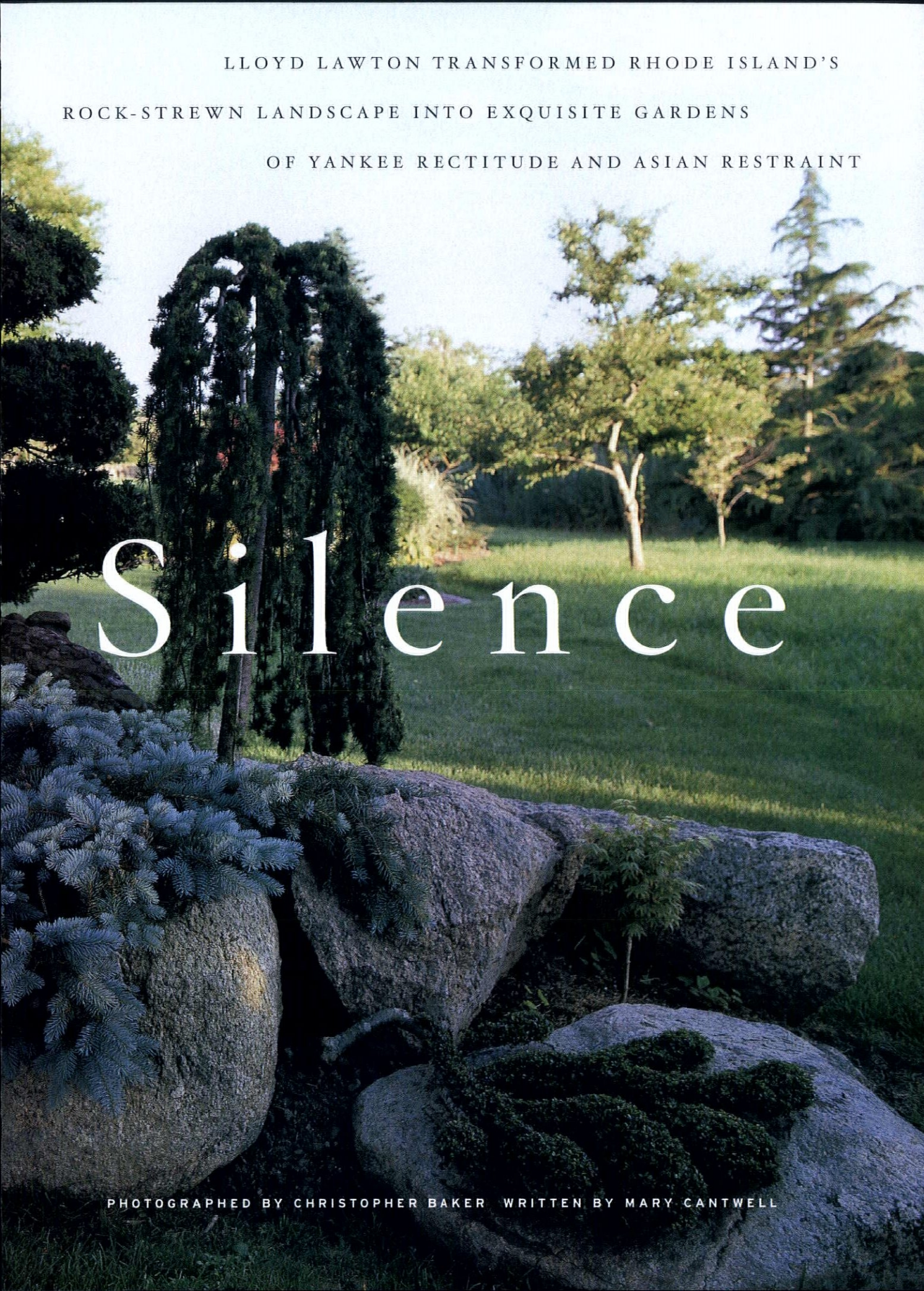




Stony

The sculpted style of Lawton's gardens begins with the arranged marriage of rocks and dwarf evergreens. In this garden, the startling handprint of a *Cotoneaster horizontalis* on the boulder in the right corner and the weeping blue spruce to its left are balanced by the leggy elegance of a weeping larch and an upright juniper, pruned in tufts, that lift and lighten the composition.

LLOYD LAWTON TRANSFORMED RHODE ISLAND'S ROCK-STREWN LANDSCAPE INTO EXQUISITE GARDENS OF YANKEE RECTITUDE AND ASIAN RESTRAINT



Silence

PHOTOGRAPHED BY CHRISTOPHER BAKER WRITTEN BY MARY CANTWELL



THERE IS A SMALL TOWN in Rhode Island many of whose residents wish were invisible to all but themselves. When the makers of *The Witches of Eastwick,* taken from John Updike's sly novel, wanted to film there, for instance, the townspeople darn near died. No way was their little haven about to appear on the silver screen. What there is for the tourist to see in this town is slight, but the paucity of entertainments for people just passing through suits its inhabitants just fine. Among the delights are



In another part of the garden, Lawton's appreciation of Japanese design is apparent in the serene arrangement of sculpture and evergreens around the small pool and terrace, opposite page. The variety of shapes and textures, this page, begins with a dwarf rhododendron set in a crevice in the foreground, followed by a daphne, 'Carol Mackey' behind it, and then a dwarf hemlock and a weeping Japanese maple. The procession of low-growing plants leads up to a big and bossily shaped American holly in the background.





beautiful gardens, some designed in the '60s by Lloyd H. Lawton for women he called his girls—an honor the four whose gardens are shown here cherish to this day. The women were Lawton's girls because he knew they'd give his creations the attention they deserved. Many other clients depended on Lawton and his crew to maintain their gardens, for which labor, he confessed, "I charged them a pretty penny." Given that Lawton was, as crew member John Manchester—a landscape contractor himself—puts it, "a regular old Yankee," pennies may seldom have been far from Lawton's mind. "John, always marry for love," Lawton told him once. "But make sure you love where the money is."

Lloyd Lawton was born in Newport in 1910, the son of a livery stable owner. When his father's business went (inevitably) bust, he became a tree man, and, eventually, an extraordinary garden designer. Although Lawton read a lot about gardens, with special reference to those in Japan, his real education came from his passionate observation of Rhode Island's rocky landscape. "Lloyd would not have been Lloyd," the husband of one "girl" says, "had it not been for the glaciers the Ice Age dumped on New England."

Lawton collected, or noted for future use, boulders and millstones. "I keep stumbling over stockpiles of bluestone, slate, and cobblestones," Sean Conway says of Lawton's property, on which he has Conway Nursery and his own landscaping business. Conway's office is a prime example of Lawton's magpie instincts. The entrance to the tiny building is an enormous fan-lighted doorway from a nearby estate, framed by elaborate ironwork stall dividers from Lawton's father's livery stable.

Lawton tucked salt- and wind-tolerant plants into crevices, and pruned them carefully to ensure their survival in this garden, which sits directly on the Atlantic coast. The perennial pink *Geranium sanguineum lancastriense* in the foreground and the ball-shaped yew to the left are good choices here as they both tolerate the difficult conditions. They also offer a comforting touch in a view dominated by the stark Russian olive in the background.



Lawton was forever tinkering or sculpting, and the little that is left of his work (most was stolen) is enough to make me think he was a remarkably talented folk artist.

Lawton's girls are like keepers of the flame, never tiring of speaking of the designer and his work. The same goes for one girl's husband. "A Lloyd Lawton rock garden," he says, "leaps out at me just as strongly as a Frans Hals."

Small wonder. A Lawton rock garden is as far above the average rockery as Monticello is above a tract house. "He'd sit down with a little sketchbook," one girl says. "Then he'd come in with his rocks and put them in just so, essentially sculpting the garden before planting it. He cut a rectangle in the surrounding fence so that I could look into the garden from my kitchen window."

Lawton's work is, in general, the antithesis of anything designed for public display, and his gardens are closely connected to the girls' houses. All the gardens are intensely private, fortuitous blends of New England rectitude and Asian restraint. His use of trees, and of evergreens in particular, seems especially Asian in that he loved curious shapes and pruned like a master of bonsai.

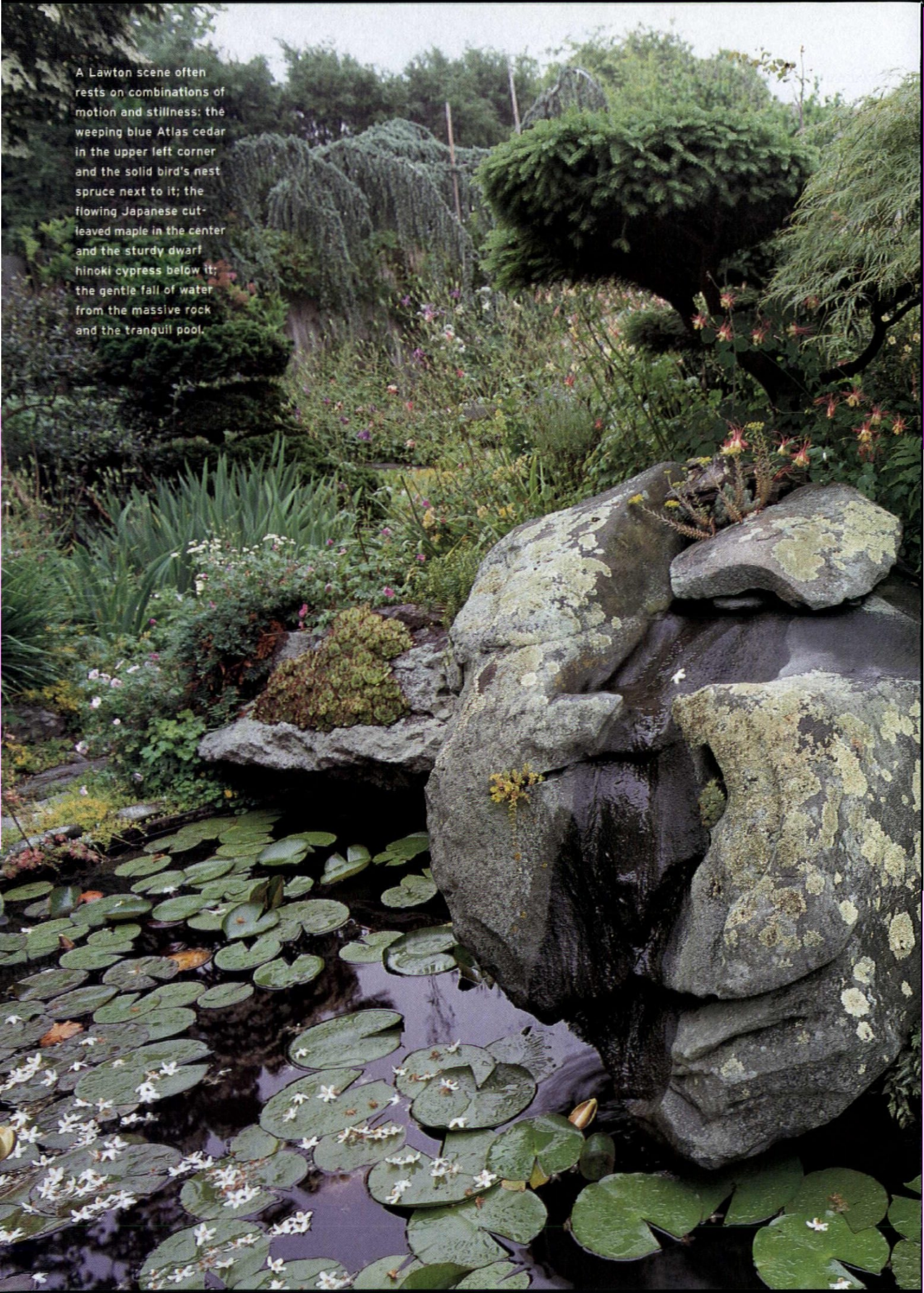
When a storm toppled a tree, he often simply raised and replanted it. Lawton's gardens are handsome even in winter, because whatever the weather, there is always something growing in them—holly, for instance.

Just as rocks are an essential part of Rhode Island's landscape, so is water: ocean, bays, freshwater ponds, wetlands, rivers, and creeks. So of course Lawton put ponds in his gardens, listening closely to the sound of the water as it dripped off the rocks (he was determined to get the right *plink*).





Lawton rarely used a plant the same way twice. Heller's Japanese holly appears in a bird's nest shape at the entrance to one garden, opposite page, but is formed like a beach ball next to the pool in another garden, right. He also used silvery-blue plants like the dwarf Colorado blue spruce, opposite, and the 'Silver Mound' artemisia, right, to lift the deeper greens. Lawton's painterly sense is evinced by the window in the cedar fence, top right.



A Lawton scene often rests on combinations of motion and stillness: the weeping blue Atlas cedar in the upper left corner and the solid bird's nest spruce next to it; the flowing Japanese cut-leaved maple in the center and the sturdy dwarf hinoki cypress below it; the gentle fall of water from the massive rock and the tranquil pool.





DWARF EVERGREENS

THE BONSAI-LIKE DWARF EVERGREENS EACH HAVE A DISTINCTIVE CHARACTER AND THEY ARE BEST DISPLAYED AS LIVING SCULPTURES.

BY TOM CHRISTOPHER ILLUSTRATIONS BY PETER KNOCK



Ilex crenata 'Beehive'
A compact mound of lustrous, small, dark-green leaves. Hardy to zone 6.



Juniperus chinensis 'Echinoformis'
This is a vegetable hedgehog, a slow grower that makes a tight ball of prickly needles. Hardy to zone 4.

Cedrus atlantica 'Glauca Pendula'
The weeping blue Atlas cedar typically grows only six to ten tall, reaching out with long, needled branches that are ideal for espaliering, and spectacular when overhanging a pool. Hardy to zone 6.

LLOYD LAWTON filled his gardens with these compact plants, and it's easy to understand why: the idiosyncratic Yankee must have seen a good deal of himself in his evergreens. They are thrifty, and most of them increase in size by only an inch or two a year. As a result, they rarely require clipping, though careful pruning can enhance their natural forms.

They are plants with personality. No two are alike, and they do not blend well into mass plantings. Display them singly at the edge of a terrace, or arrange them in small groups. The examples here are all low maintenance, readily available, and unlikely to outgrow the space allotted to them.



Chamaecyparis obtusa 'Compacta'
A dwarf strain of a Japanese false cypress, it masses fernlike sprays of flattened needles into a broad, low cone. Hardy to zone 5.



Taxus cuspidata 'Aurea'
A golden-needled clone of the Japanese yew, it won't tolerate wet soils. Hardy to zone 5.



Picea abies 'Nidiformis'
The common name—bird's nest spruce—best describes the shape of this plant, which forms a low mound with a hollow at the center. A true dwarf, it may reach a spread of only two to three feet after ten years of growth. Hardy to zone 5.



Ilex opaca 'Maryland Dwarf'
A spiny-leaved, low, spreading bush, whose female form bears yellow berries. Hardy to zone 6.

Near the end of Lawton's life, "I wanted to extend the garden, and he was up and soaring," one girl says. He had put in garden paths, hidden a cesspool with a great run of rhododendrons, brought in the rocks and junipers, and castigated her when she forgot to prune.

"I knew I wanted rocks, but I didn't know I'd get a rock this size," she says, pointing to a fine reminder of the Ice Age. "I told him I wanted a pool and a terrace, but I didn't expect anything as nice as this one. He did the walks, the moundings. . . . We used to come home from the beach and find him here looking at a stone he'd decided he didn't like. Then he'd bring in another."

Any description of Lawton involves his sitting, sometimes for hours, staring at the scenery and plotting his plots. His sketches, Manchester adds, were a matter of carelessly penciled circles, verticals, and horizontals, and "by the time we finished, everything was different anyway." Any work in progress invariably looked like a "disaster site," because Lawton, forever chewing on a leek, chives, or a scallion he'd pulled from the ground, was always changing his mind. "A job that might take someone else a week was three months with us. But when we finished, everything was detailed, perfect," concludes Manchester.

One of the girls photographed the master at work: He is sitting on a bale, contemplating his particular universe. "Lloyd put in the key planting—'This is not a checkbook garden,' he'd say—then you went in and did your part. He liked to get his girls going."



Brick works as well as stone. A blue Atlas cedar espaliered on a chimney.

A fine example of the way Lawton got his girls going is the cedar one of them espaliered up her house's big chimney. That I saw her garden in the rain didn't ruin its effect in the least. A Lawton sculpture, which is how I was beginning to think of his work, doesn't need sun to show off its beautiful modeling. "Lloyd," she recalls, "was always working at the front end of his truck, turning stones over and over again, and you never knew when he'd show up with a tree, often one that had been knocked down by a storm." (One of Lawton's reborn trees, planted on a terrace, takes an unexpected—though presumably not by Lawton—curve up and around a house's corner.)

"Lloyd's crew used to call him Porky, since he'd make such a mess at the beginning," Manchester says. "Sometimes he'd be thinking of something else and half tip his tractor over. But he was the best teacher I ever met."

Lloyd Lawton died in 1986. His survivors include his wife, two daughters, his girls, and gardens whose beauty is, quite simply, bred in the bone.

Mary Cantwell *is writing a sequel to her memoir* Manhattan, When I Was Young.



MIRROR, MIRROR
pages 57-59

SOURCES

WHERE TO BUY IT



OBJECT LESSON
pages 39-45

COVER See pages 88–99.

THRESHOLD PAGES 8-12 In Praise of Plenitude: **Printed linen fabric on wing chairs,** Carolyn Quartermaine, London, England. 44-171-245-9493; in the U.S., through Christopher Hyland, 212-688-6121; Agnes Bourne, 415-626-6883. Available through architects and designers. **Striped-silk curtains,** Travers, 212-888-7900. Full Deck: From left, by row, **Salmon bowl,** porcelain, $40, Calvin Klein Home, 800-249-7978; **red glass bottle,** $78, Moss, 146 Greene St., NYC 10012. 212-226-2190; **silver pens,** $800/set of four, Verdura, 745 5th Ave., NYC 10151. 212-265-3227; **Stack plate,** $65, by Seed at Barneys New York, 212-826-8900; **square platter,** $155, Seed at Bergdorf Goodman, 800-218-4918, and Shi, 233 Elizabeth St., NYC 10012. 212-334-4330; **stash box,** by special order, Seed at Barneys New York; **key chain,** $65, Tiffany & Co., 800-526-0649; **playing card,** $16/two decks, Museum of Modern Art Design Store, 800-447-6662; **black-and-silver glass,** $405, Hermès, 800-441-4488; **playing card,** $16/two decks, Shi; **candy dish,** Seed at Translation, Dallas, 214-373-8391; **leather envelope,** $485, Hermès; **plate,** $65, by Seed at Barneys New York; **napkin ring,** $170, Hermès; **platter,** $3,500, Bob Pryor, 1023 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 212-688-1516. **Heart,** $120, Baccarat, Inc., 800-363-4700. **Velvets,** from top, Ca D'Oro and Venetian Lion, both silk, from Christopher Hyland, 212-688-6121. Available through architects and designers. **Italian sconce,** reproduction, $1,575, Christopher Norman, 212-647-0303. Available through architects and designers.

DOMESTIC BLISS PAGES 23-30 **pages 24-25, Plants,** Foliage Garden, 120 W. 28th St., NYC 10001. 212-989-3089. **Pots and stands,** Grass Roots Garden Center, 131 Spring St., NYC 10012. 212-226-2662. **page 26, tennis racket,** Zona, 97 Greene St., NYC 10012. 212-925-6750. Schumacher, 800-332-3384. Villeroy & Boch, 800-Villeroy. **page 28,** Sherle Wagner, 60 E. 57th St., NYC 10022. 212-758-3300. **page 30,** Exposures catalogue, 800-572-2502. Hold Everything, 800-421-2264.

SMALL WONDER PAGES 32-35 **Interior design,** Charles Krewson, PO Box 1069, Gracie Square Station, NYC 10028. 212-396-9000. **Flowers,** James Corcoran Flowers, 1026 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 212-717-5780. **All antique textiles,** Virginia Di Sciascio, 236 E. 78th St., NYC 10021. 212-794-8007. **All paint from Pratt & Lambert. pages 32-33, Valance and bedspreads,** Virginia Di Sciascio. **Hangings,** Alabama, Clarence House, 212-752-2890. Available through architects and designers. **Painting,** *Pink Foot,* Michael Oster Fine Art, 212-628-8865. By appointment only. **Table skirt,** Todd Gribben, 231 W. 25th St., #6B, NYC 10001. 212-929-6634. **Desk,** designed by Charles Krewson and built by Fran Taubman, Metalwork, PO Box 210, Bridgehampton, NY 11932. 516-537-3579. **Antique globe,** George Glazer, 28 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021. 212-535-5706. **pages 34-35, Sofa fabric,** Decorators Walk, 212-319-7100. Available through architects and designers. **Table,** Malmaison Antiques, 253 E. 74th St., NYC 10021. 212-288-7569. **Bowl and vase,** Michael Cohen, Box 802, Watermill, NY 11976. **Mirror and gold star,** George Glazer. **Directoire chair and mirrored table,** Malmaison Antiques. **Rug,** Virginia Di Sciascio. **Column,** William Doyle Galleries, 175 E. 87th St., NYC 10128. 212-427-2730.

SKETCHES PAGES 36-37 Donghia, 800-DONGHIA. **Desk, antique Indian bed,** Sarajo, 98 Prince St., NYC 10012. 212-274-0462. **Club chair fabric,** Porte, cotton; **side chair,** Indochine; **chairs in window,** Java; all from Donghia.

OBJECT LESSON PAGES 39-45 All fabrics available through architects and designers. In alphabetical order: Bergamo, 212-888-3333. Brunschwig & Fils, 212-838-7878. Christopher Hyland, 212-688-6121. Clarence House, 212-752-2890. J. Robert Scott, 800-322-4910. Lee Jofa, 516-752-7600. Manuel Canovas, 212-752-9588. Old World Weavers, 212-355-7186. Osborne & Little, 203-359-1500. Pierre Frey, 212-213-3099. Scalamandré, 212-980-3888. Zoffany, through Whittaker & Woods, 212-593-9787. **page 39, Chairs,** 18th-century Italian, painted poplar, Amy Perlin Antiques, 1020 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 212-744-4923. **page 40, Torchère,** 19th-century Spanish, wrought iron, Amy Perlin Antiques. **page 41, Yarn winder,** $200, Vito Giallo Antiques, 222 E. 83rd St., NYC 10028. 212-535-9885. **page 43, Vesting case; gilt-wood mirror,** Italian, $3,900/pair, both from Amy Perlin Antiques. **Globes,** 19th-century French, $24,000/pair; **papier-mâché hand,** 1930s, Danbury, CT, country fair, $3,500/pair; **world map and celestial chart,** 18th-century English, $450/each; **crystal ball,** 19th-century French, George Glazer, 28 E. 72nd St., NYC 10021. 212-535-5706. **Candlesticks,** 16th-century Flemish; **chalice,** $16,000, Blumka, 101 E. 81st St., NYC 10028. 212-734-3222. **Crystals,** Astro Gallery of Gems, 185 Madison, NYC 10016. 212-889-9000. **page 44, Torchères,** 19th-century Italian, Amy Perlin Antiques. **page 45, Lantern,** 19th-century, cast iron, $900/pair, Amy Perlin Antiques.

STICKS & STONES PAGES 50-54 Dykes Lumber, 348 W. 44th St., NYC 10036. 212-246-6480. Raymond Enkeboll Designs, 16506 Avalon Blvd., Carson, CA 90746. 310-532-1400.

MIRROR, MIRROR PAGES 57-59 page 57, Sweaters, $375-$450, Cashmere & Cashmere, 840 Madison, 10021. 212-988-5252. **page 59, Books,** LS Collection and Rizzoli. ABC Carpet & Home, 888 Broadway, NYC 10003. Bergdorf Goodman, 800-218-4918. All other pieces available through architects and designers.

MATERIAL WORLD PAGE 60 All fabrics available through architects and designers. Jim Thompson, 800-262-0336. JAB, through Stroheim & Romann, 718-706-7000. Manuel Canovas, 212-752-9588. Kravet, 800-648-5728. John Rosselli International, 212-772-2137. Warner of London, through Whittaker & Woods, 212-593-9787. Gretchen Bellinger Inc., 518-235-2828. **Chopsticks,** Aria Gold, $110/pair, Christofle, 800-799-6886.

LITTLE BOXES PAGE 62 In alphabetical order: Asprey, 800-883-2777. Calvin Klein Home, 800-249-7978. Cartier, 800-Cartier. Felissimo, 800-565-6785. Galileo, 37 7th Ave., NYC 10011. 212-243-1629. Gucci, 800-388-6785. Hermès, 800-441-4488. Mikimoto, 730 5th Ave., NYC 10019. 212-664-1800. Penhaligon's, 800-588-1992.

CELESTIAL ITALIAN PAGES 71-79 **Interior design,** John Saladino, Saladino Furniture Inc., 305 E. 63rd St., NYC 10021. 212-838-0500. Carpets in library and master bedroom by Stark Carpet Corporation, 212-752-9000. All fabrics available through architects and designers. **pages 72-73, Garden stool,** 19th-century, porcelain,William Lipton Ltd., 27 E. 61st St., NYC 10017. 212-751-8131. **French lantern,** 18th-century, Amy Perlin Antiques, 1020 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 212-744-4923. **Fabric on table,** Sfingi, cotton, Fortuny, 212-753-1753. **Antique Italian console and lamp, and Portuguese wall panels,** Betty Jane Bart Antiques, 1225 Madison Ave., NYC 10128. 212-410-2702. **Chair fabric,** Ashbury Gray Silk, Cowtan & Tout, 212-753-4488. **Antique Khotan carpet,** Saladino Furniture Inc. **18th-century Italian neoclassical chairs,** Amy Perlin Antiques. **Chair fabric,** Peking beige, Larsen, 232 E. 59th St., NYC 10022. 212-462-1300. **Antique Sultanabad,** Saladino Furniture Inc. **pages 74-75, Stool leather,** Nancy Corzine, 305 E. 63rd St., NYC 10021. 212-758-4240. **Sofa fabric,** Domasko Gonzaga, silver, bemberg/cotton, Fonthill Ltd., 212-755-6700. **18th-century Italian painting,** R. M. Barokh Antiques, 8481 Melrose Pl., Los Angeles, CA 90069. 213-655-2771. **Iron and mosaic table,** Saladino Furniture Inc. **Side tables,** John Boone Inc., 1059 3rd Ave., NYC 10021. 212-758-0012. **pages 76-77 Mural,** Jean Charles Dicharry, 219 E. 94th St., #2C, NYC 10128. 212-426-2329. **Chairs,** Betty Jane Bart Antiques. **Chair fabric,** Donghia, 212-935-3713. **Fabrics on table,** Yves Gonnet, PO Box 875, 99 Railroad St., Canaan, CT 06018. 860-824-8400; Zimmer + Rhode, 212-758-5357. **Vase,** Anthony Garden Boutique Ltd., 134 E. 70th St., NYC 10021. 212-737-3303. **Drawers,** John Rosselli International, 523 E. 73rd St., NYC 10021. 212-772-2137. **pages 78-79, Sofa and chair fabric,** Gray Fawn Chenille, Kirk-Brummel Associates, 212-477-8590. **Sconces,** Le Décor Français, 1006 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 212-734-0032. **Cabinetry,** Polir Construction Inc., 171 N. 1st St., Brooklyn, NY 11211. 718-388-2211. **Sink and faucet,** P. E. Guerin, Inc., 23 Jane St., NYC 10014. 212-243-5270. **Library wall covering,** Annapolis Silver Cloud, Unika Vaev through ICF, 800-223-1620. **Powder-room wall covering,** Dorset Gray Treated with Egg Shell, Clarence House, 212-752-2890. **Chair,** Amy Perlin Antiques. **Bedspread,** Las Esfinges Cotton, Brunschwig & Fils, 212-838-7878. **Pillow fabric,** Gretchen Bellinger Inc., 518-235-2828; and Nancy Corzine. **Panel over bed and chair,** Amy Perlin Antiques. **Chaise fabric,** Nutmeg Velvet, Pierre Lafond, 805-565-1502. **Curtain fabric,** Berber Stripe, Randolph & Hein, 212-826-9898. **Side table,** Saladino Furniture Inc.

TRADE SECRETS PAGES 80-81 All fabrics available through architects and designers. **Marble,** Alcamo Marble Works Inc., 541-543 W. 22nd St., NYC 10011. 212-255-5224. **Mural,** Jean Charles Dicharry, 219 E. 94th St., #2C, NYC 10128. 212-426-2329. **Domasko Gonzaga,** silver, bemberg/cotton, Fonthill Ltd., 212-755-6700. **Sfingi,** cotton, Fortuny, 212-

753-1753. **Nutmeg Velvet,** Pierre Lafond, special order, 805-565-1502. **Hermitage,** linen/silk/rayon, Nancy Corzine, 305 E. 63rd St., NYC 10021. 212-758-4240. **Trim,** Houlès USA, 310-652-6171. **Gray Fawn Chenille,** Myung Jin, Inc., through Kirk-Brummel Associates, 212-477-8590. **Interwoven Steel,** wool, Stark Corporation, 212-752-9000.

IN PRAISE OF PLENITUDE PAGES 82-87 **All paintings,** through Stephanie Hoppen, 17 Walton St., London SW3, England. 44-171-589-3678. **Curtains by D. Decor,** London, England. 44-1234-720-975. All fabrics available through architects and designers. **pages 82-83,** Jean Brown, London, England. 44-171-352-1575. **Mirror,** Keith Skeel at ABC Carpet & Home, 888 Broadway, NYC 10003. 212-473-3000. George Smith, London, England. 44-171-384-1004. **Gisbert Rentmeister fabric,** Tatiana Tafur, London, England. 44-171-351-4333; Jim Thompson, NYC. 212-758-5357. Jo Minoprio, London, England. 44-181-741-8053. **pages 84-85, Guinevere Antiques,** London, England. 44-171-736-2917. Chelsea Editions, 232 E. 59th St., NYC 10022. 212-758-0005. **Blenheim carpets,** London, England. 44-171-384-2773. **pages 86-97,** Pierre Frey, 212-213-3099. Linda Helm, London, England. 44-171-609-2716. Chelsea Textiles, 212-319-5804. Malabar through Davan Industries, 516-944-6498.

POLISHED EDGES PAGES 88-99 C&C, Milan, Italy. 39-2-78-02-57. **page 90,** Mimma Gini, Milan, Italy. 39-2-89-40-07-22. **pages 92-93,** Braquenie et Compagnie, Paris, France. 33-1-48-04-30-03. L. Rubelli, through Bergamo, 212-888-3333. **page 94,** Pierre Frey, Paris, France. 33-1-49-26-04-77.

FULL DECK PAGES 100-105 Sets, Artificial Reality, 430 Greenwich St., NYC 10013. 212-966-1631. In alphabetical order: Baccarat, Inc., 800-363-4700. Bardith Ltd., 901 Madison, NYC 10021. 212-737-3775. Barneys New York, 212-826-8900. Bergdorf Goodman, 800-218-4918. Bob Pryor, 1023 Lexington Ave., NYC 10021. 212-688-1516. Books of Wonder, 16 W. 18th St., NYC 10011. 212-989-3270. Calvin Klein Home, 800-294-7978. Camilla D. Bergeron Ltd., 212-794-9100. By appointment only. Georg Jensen, 800-546-5253. Hermès, 800-441-4488. James II Galleries, Ltd., 11 E. 57th St., NYC 10022. 212-593-0341. Mood Indigo, 181 Prince St., NYC 10012. 212-254-1176. Moss, 146 Greene St., NYC 10012. 212-226-2190. Museum of Modern Art Design Store, 800-447-6662. Patricia Flint Antiques, 110 Main St., New Canaan, CT 06840. 203-966-6139. Shi, 233 Elizabeth St., NYC 10012. 212-334-4330. Takashimaya, 800-526-0649. Tiffany & Co., 800-526-0649. Verdura, 745 5th Ave., NYC 10151. 212-265-3227. Vito Giallo Antiques, 222 E. 83rd St., NYC 10028. 212-535-9885.

COUNTRY MATTERS PAGES 106-112 **Custom frames** throughout by Innovative Design, 1302 McChesney Ave., Nashville, TN 37216. 615-228-7522. **page 106, Corner cupboard,** Woodland Antiques, 5180 Firetower Rd., Franklin, TN 37064. 615-794-6450. **page 107, Chairs' restoration,** Riley May, 904 Locust St., Columbia, TN 38401. 615-540-0070. **Chandelier,** Charles Baker, 6890 North 700E, Hope, IN 47246. 812-546-4761. **page 109, Center table,** Woodland Antiques. **Secretary,** Kevin Walker Antiques, 110 N. 2nd St., Pulaski, TN 38478. 615-424-1825. **page 110, Sofa,** Kevin Walker Antiques.

VISIONS & VISIONARIES PAGE 115 Works by Henry Darger, Carl Hammer Gallery, 200 Superior, Chicago, IL 60610. 312-266-8512. Works by Howard Finster, Thomas Jahnke Gallery, 974 Todd Rd., Atlanta, GA 30306. 770-394-9111; www.find-arts.com/data/jahnke.html; or 800-FINSTER. Works by Martin Ramirez, Janet Fleisher Gallery, 211 S. 17th St., Philadelphia, PA 19103. 215-545-7562. Works by Mose Tolliver, Rosehips Gallery, 1611 Highway 129 South, Cleveland, GA 30528. 706-865-6345. Works by Bill Traylor and William Edmondson, Ricco/Maresca Gallery, 152 Wooster St., NYC 10012. 212-780-0071; rngal@aol.com.

STONY SILENCE PAGES 116-127 Conway Nurseries, 3941 Main Rd., Tiverton, RI 02878. 401-624-8222.

& ANOTHER THING PAGE 130 **Daffodil Vase,** by Anna Gigli, handblown glass, $1,775, Rigati Collection at Salviati, 41 Madison, NYC 10010. 212-725-4361. **Jeu de Cartes,** cotton/polyester, Clarence House, 212-752-2890. Available through architects and designers. Smith & Hawken, 800-776-3336. **Goblet,** $190, Saint Louis, 800-238-5522. **Scala and Trapeze,** both cotton, from Boussac of France Inc. 212-421-0534. Available through architects and designers.

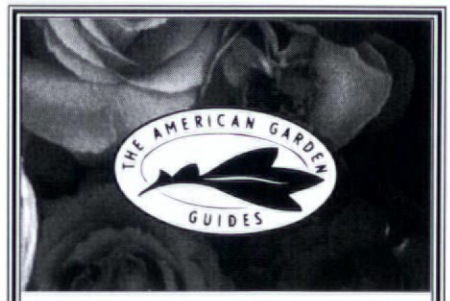
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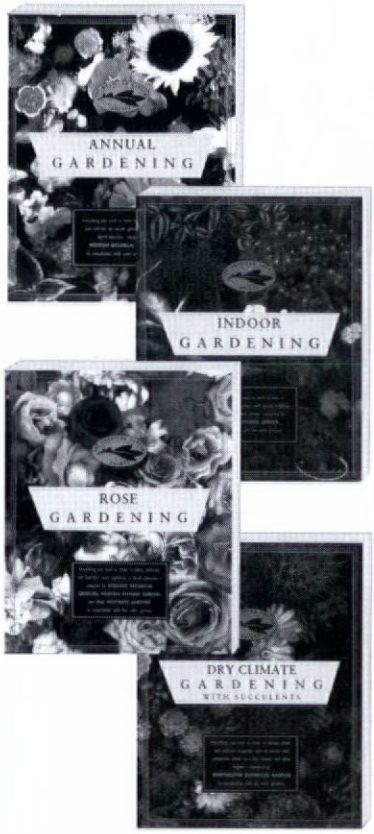
—PRODUCED BY JOYCE BAUTISTA

CORRECTION On page 94 of our December 1996 issue, the goblet from Union Street Glass was incorrectly credited to Nordstrom. It is available exclusively from Neiman Marcus, 800-937-9146.

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